

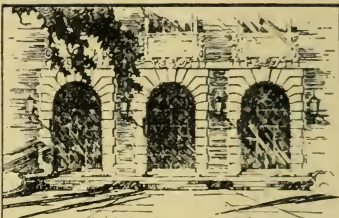
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FATHERLESS FANNY,

&c. &c.

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VOL. I.



# FATHERLESS FANNY;

OR,

THE MEMOIRS

OF A

LITTLE MENDICANT,

AND

*HER BENEFACTORS.*

A MODERN NOVEL, IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MRS. EDGEWORTH.

AUTHORESS OF "THE WIFE; OR, A MODEL FOR  
WOMEN," &c. &c.

VOL. I.

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# FATHERLESS FANNY,

&c. &c.

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## CHAPTER I.

### *The Seminary.*

IN one of those polite seminaries devoted to female instruction, with which the environs of London abound, lived Miss Bridgeman, whose despotic sway within the limits of her own jurisdiction was certainly equal to that of the most potent monarch in the civilized world, not excepting the great Napoleon himself. *Her* word was law—*her* nod was *fate*—and *her* approbation or displeasure settled the degree of consequence enjoyed by every individual

that approached her. Miss Bridgeman had been many years a preceptress of youth : so many years, that she began to entertain thoughts of changing her appellation of courtesy from *Miss* to *Mrs.*; still, however, this arrangement was delayed, and the juvenile title was now the *only* remains of youthful pretensions.— With increase of years, however, Miss Bridgeman had the consolation of enjoying a proportionate increase of fortune. When she made her first *débüt* as a governess, it was in a small house at Brompton, where a large board disclosed hers to be a *boarding school* for young ladies. Her talents as a school mistress, however, soon raised her from this honorable station, and she opened *Cannondale House* with all the *éclat* of modern splendor. Still, however, amongst the numerous scholars that crowded her highly-esteemed *Seminary*, some *plebeian souls* would creep in, scarcely

could the immense sums their parents paid for their education reconcile the stately Miss Bridgeman to the degradation of admitting them into her circle. The happy time at length arrived, in which the flourishing state of Miss Bridgeman's finances enabled her to form an *establishment* upon more exalted principles. Cannondale House was let at an enormous premium, besides an exorbitant rent, to a governess of a subordinate degree, who was glad of an opportunity of treading in the successful steps of her predecessor, and whose soul had not yet risen above the profitable task of teaching the children of *ambitious tradesmen*.—The soaring mind of Miss Bridgeman was not, however, so easily contented. Ladies of title or at least of high family, were alone the objects of her attention, and the name of *establishment* was given to her seminary, as

having a grander sound and better suited to her exalted ideas. Indeed ever since the establishment of the P—— of Wales every petty family's arrangement has assumed that dignified appellation amongst the sons and daughters of ton. We all know, however, that there are many people of high rank, who are straitened in their circumstances, and whose *names*, although they may bestow *éclat*, will not support expence. Miss Bridgeman soon found this, and it induced her to admit a few rich heiresses, as a great favor, into the happy groupe that formed her *establishment*, and as she was a true disciple of the world, she bestowed her favors, which cost her *nothing*, in proportion as she received those from her pupils that cost a *great deal*. The house Miss Bridgeman inhabited was spacious and elegant, and possessed all the requisites of modern

refinement. A *boudoir*, that indispensable apartment for a real fine lady ; a drawing room, dining parlor, with breakfast parlor and study were the apartments devoted to the use of the governess ; whilst a very spacious room, to which she had given the appropriate title of “ *la salle des sciences*,” was occupied by the young ladies during their hours of improvement. The house itself stood in a shrubbery, with a *velvet* lawn before the door: the windows were on the french construction and adorned by virandas, whilst the most costly display of orange trees and other exotics of the rarest kinds, gave the *coup-d’œil*, to the entrance, of “ *Myrtle Grove*”—as this retreat of the Muses was poetically denominated. The decorations of the house in the inside, were in a style of elegance that corresponded with its outward appearance, and every article of furniture

which has been invented to indulge the luxury, or gratify the pride of this age of refinement, were there assembled to prove at once the taste and opulence of the proprietor.— Could it be possible for pride to be happy Miss Bridgeman must have been so; but it is well known by every common observer that the gratification of our passions never yet gave the happiness it promised, and pride above all other feelings is the hardest to be satisfied. Miss Bridgeman was far from happy, for her haughty temper was insatiable of homage; and, notwithstanding she supported *imperial* dignity amongst her immediate dependants, she always felt that uneasiness inseparable from conscious unworthiness, whenever she went into public. She fancied if she were independent, she should be more respected, and deplored the necessity there was for her continuing the oc-

eupation of governess so long after the aggrandisement of her wishes had rendered every thing short of *haute-ton* degrading to her inflated pride. Her domestic establishment was on a very large scale; she had two men, a coachman and a porter at the gate, besides a proportionable number of female servants, and this stately parade was become so necessary to her existence, that it obliged her to pursue that occupation which alone could preserve it for her. Her avarice therefore increased with her increasing fortune, and rendered her the ready tool of every person whose power or riches seemed to promise to assist in supporting the consequence she prized so highly. Miss Bridgeman, like other ladies who have *establishments* for education, had a limited number of pupils, and as her price was exorbitant, the number was generally on the *deficit* side of

the question; and, notwithstanding her constant boast of the *many* applications she was *obliged* to *refuse*, she felt herself more frequently anxious because of their poverty than their multitude.

During the Christmas vacation in 1798, Miss Bridgeman being from home on a visit at the house of one of her right honorable pupils, the care of her family was left to the inspection of the lady who was styled *sub-governess* in the teaching department. This lady, whose name was Dawson, had long been a great favorite with her employer, because her disposition was of that supple kind, that is exactly suited to an intercourse with such imperious people as Miss Bridgeman, whom she took care to flatter on the weak side of her understanding, and by that means led her which ever way she pleased.

Two young ladies who were West

Indians of large fortune, always passed the holidays at Myrtle Grove; and Mrs. Dawson was sitting one dismal evening with them in the drawing room, vainly endeavouring to dispel the ennui that had crept into the party, by relating a long string of adventures that had befallen her during the reign of Robespierre, which term of terror had been passed, by Mrs. Dawson at Paris, subject to the vicissitudes of that dreadful era. Miss Barlowe declared there was not such a *bore*, in her opinion, as *long dismal stories*; and Miss Emily, her sister, observed, with a yawn, that she wished there existed a probability of an interruption to the *te deum* of their solitude from the arrival of company. Just as she spoke, a violent ring at the carriage gate made them all jump. Company, exclaimed Miss Emily Barlowe, dancing about in an ecstasy of joy: “com-

pany, company, and we shall have something to amuse us at last." A servant came into the room at this moment, leading a little girl by the hand, of the most prepossessing appearance, and announced to Mrs. Dawson, that a lady in a very dashing equipage desired to speak to her at the gate. Mrs. Dawson was very much disturbed at this request, as she was particularly afraid of catching cold; and one servant was sent for her shawl, another for clogs, and another for her swans-down tippet, whilst she stood lamenting the untoward circumstance, that exposed her to the dreaded danger. At length she was equipped to her mind, and ordering the servant to hold an umbrella over her head, she proceeded to greet the unseasonable visitor. A thousand questions followed one another in swift succession to the servant that attended her, ending with a wonder of *who*

it could possibly be, that had taken such a strange hour to come out of town. The man professed his ignorance, and poor Mrs. Dawson reached the carriage gate, as wise as she set out. But, heavens! what was her surprise and consternation when the porter told her that the carriage was that instant gone: the lady waited, said he, as long as she could, Ma'am, but finding you did not come, she said she *must* go, as her time was precious, and that she would call again; but she said, Ma'am, added the man, there was a letter in the young lady's trunk that will explain every thing. Mrs. Dawson turned herself round in high dudgeon, and walked back to the house, in silence; a secret fear pervaded her mind that she should incur Miss Bridgeman's displeasure, although, excepting in the time she had wasted in equipping herself, she could not

be implicated in the blame of receiving the child, without seeing the person who brought it. When Mrs. Dawson returned to the drawing room she found the two Miss Barlowes amusing themselves with their new companion, who was a beautiful little girl, about five years old, and who appeared as much delighted with her play fellows, as they were with her. "This is the sweetest little angel that ever was seen," said Miss Emily, "pray dear Mrs. Dawson tell me who she is? the little creature herself says she has no name besides *Fanny*." "Indeed I know nothing about her," said Mrs. Dawson, throwing herself down on the sofa, "I have a great mind to send her to the workhouse, for I suspect it is a mere swindling trick to impose the child upon Miss Bridgeman." "The workhouse! dear Mrs. Dawson, how can you talk so shocking?" said Miss

Barlowe, "I vow you are a worse tyrant than the horrid Robespierre, you have been talking so much about." Miss Barlowe was very generous where she liked, and Mrs. Dawson had often felt the pleasing effects of her bounty; she was not willing therefore to incur the censure of so convenient a friend, and as she was well versed in the art of *tacking about*, she changed her note in a minute, and taking the child upon her knee, she said, "It is a pretty little creature, indeed, my dear; I believe I should be as unlikely as yourself to act unkindly towards her. What is your name, poppet?" continued Mrs. Dawson, addressing the child. "*Fanny*," answered the little innocent. "And your *other* name?" asked her interrogator. "I have no *other* name," said the child. "Who is your father, my dear?" "I have *none*," answer-

ed the prattler ; they used to call me *Fatherless Fanny*." " Who were those that called you so ? " " I don't know," replied the child, " Mrs. Sydney was my *mamma*, and that's all I can tell you." " Oh dear !" interrupted Mrs. Dawson, giving little Fanny to Miss Barlowe, " I had forgotten to ask for the child's trunk ; the porter says there is a letter in it that will explain every thing." So saying she pulled the bell, and ordered the servant to bring up the young lady's trunk, that was just come : the servant obeyed ; and the girls pressed round Mrs. Dawson, whilst she opened it, with an eagerness of curiosity, that put the innocent proprietor entirely out of their heads. On the top of the package lay a letter, directed for Miss Bridgeman ; and as Mrs. Dawson considered herself that lady's representative, she did not scruple to sa-

tisfy her curiosity, by opening it. The first object that presented itself to her eyes on so doing, was a bank post bill for two hundred pounds. “This ticket is not a *blank*, at least,” exclaimed she, holding open the note to the young ladies; she then proceeded to peruse the letter and found the following words:—

“The young lady who will be the companion of this letter, is *nobly* born, and entitled to a *large* fortune. Reasons, which cannot with prudence be revealed, oblige her friends to conceal her in some safe retreat for a few years. Miss Bridgeman is selected as the most eligible preceptress for little Fanny, to whose care therefore she is consigned, with a strict charge not to spare expence or labor in the education of the child. The sum enclosed, will be paid yearly into Miss Bridgeman’s hands for

the support of her ward, who is to be distinguished by the appellation of Fanny only."

"There" said Mrs. Dawson, exultingly, "I am glad this affair has turned out so well, for I was sadly afraid we should have had a hurricane at Miss Bridgeman's return; but come let us examine the little brat's wardrobe; we shall guess by that, whether the account of her be true or not. The clothes were produced, and the profusion of fine muslins and expensive lace, of which they were composed, convinced the committee that Fanny was, indeed, the personage the letter described her to be. Yet no trinket or picture appeared which might serve as a guide to ascertain her identity, when she should be re demanded by her friends, after a lapse of years had altered her person. When the examination was

finished, the ladies re-seated themselves on the sofa, where they found poor Fanny extended at her full length, and fast asleep. The bell was now rung, and a maid-servant ordered to attend the new-comer to bed. Emily Barlowe entreated she might share her's, "and do let her be my child, Mrs. Dawson, indeed I will teach her, and take care of her, and become quite a mother to her. Now say you will my *dear dear Dawson*." "Ah you cunning puss," replied Mrs. Dawson, "thus it is that you always have your way with *me*." "Oh then I may have her," interrupted Miss Emily, snatching the child up in her arms. "Sweet little innocent, how I shall doat upon her." "You will spoil your *shape* Emily," said her sister, "if you carry that heavy child about, and what do you think mamma will say when she sees you?" "*Papa*

desired me not to spoil my *heart*," answered Emily, "and therefore I am sure *he* will approve of my doing any thing that keeps the amiable feelings of *humanity* in exercise." The sweet girl with her little charge in her arms, now left the room, attended by the maid; Miss Barlowe was left alone with Mrs. Dawson. "That girl," said the former, speaking of her sister, "has such plebeian notions, she will never make a *fine lady*." "Emily is very good-natured," rejoined Mrs. Dawson, "but she certainly wants *dignity*, that, however, will not be missed with her *petite* figure." When Emily returned to the drawing room from putting the sleeping Fanny to bed, she said, "my little girl has got the prettiest necklace and bracelets made of hair and locked with bullion, that ever were made. I dare say they are composed of her father and mother's hair, for I can

perceive there are two sorts, but I would not unclasp them, for fear of waking the little charmer."

"I dare say," said Miss Barlowe, with a sarcastic smile, "Emily will compose twenty romances upon the subject of this *enfout trouvée*." "Then they shall all have happy terminations," answered Emily, "for I am determined my dear little Fanny shall be a fortunate heroine."

The next day when the blooming Fanny, with her '*crisped* locks' of golden brown, her large blue eyes, and lips like the parted rose-bud, made her appearance at breakfast every beholder was charmed, and "sweet little creature," echoed from every tongue. Even Mrs. Dawson, who was generally apathy itself, where interest did not excite emotion, felt her heart moved in favor of the little stranger. Innumerable questions were addressed to the sweet

prattler, but her lisping accents gave but little satisfaction to the curiosity of her interrogators. They could only learn by their questions that she had no *papa*, that she had been used to live in very fine rooms, and that Mrs. Sydney was her *mamma*, and that *she* was a *very old lady*, and wore a black hood over her cap like a *picture*, and that a pretty lady used to kiss her at night after she was in bed, and cry over her, and call her her poor Fatherless Fanny, and that she never saw that lady excepting at night. This was the sum total of what they could collect, and they were obliged accordingly to give over questioning her. Of the bracelet and necklace which she wore, and which had “Fanny” engraved, at full length, in the inside of the clasps, she could give no other account than that she *found* them on her neck and arms one morning when she waked,

and that Mamma Sydney had said the Fairies brought them because she was a *good girl*.

After little Fanny's arrival at Myrtle Grove, no complaint was made by the young ladies of the *ennui* that had hitherto consumed them; her frolicsome gambols could even induce Miss Barlowe to dispense with her *dignity*, and join the little fairy on the lawn before the house; but Emily perfectly *doated* upon her adopted child, and could scarcely be prevailed upon by Mrs. Dawson, to practice the hours which her progress in music demanded. At length Miss Bridgeman came home from her visit in a very ill-humour; her vanity had been considerably inflated by the attentions she had received, during her stay at the Marquis of Pertersfield; but, alas! her purse had not been proportionably increased; for, although her account for Lady Maria

and Lady Isabella Trentham's education, was of three years standing, no notice was taken of discharging it. The fear of losing such honors as she could not enjoy elsewhere deterred Miss Bridgeman from pressing her demand, and an additional share of the Marquis and Marchioness's good graces was the consequence of such complaisance: but as I have before observed neither honors nor good graces will support a household, and Miss Bridgeman, much as she loved great people's sufferance, *felt* most sensibly that it might be purchased too *dearly*. *She* had her extravagancies as well as the lords and ladies with whom she was so fond of associating, and it was abominably provoking to think that she could not purchase their society, without giving up the hopes of receiving what could alone enable her to support

the additional expence incurred by its indulgence.

Full of these reflections Miss Bridgeman entered her own mansion. It was evening when she arrived, and little Fanny was already retired to bed. Mrs. Dawson was summoned to attend Miss Bridgeman in her *boudoir*; as soon as she had a little recovered the fatigue of her journey; and requested her to give an account of the occurrences during her absence. The wily favorite perceiving that her superior was disconcerted at something which had crossed her wishes, endeavoured to find out *what* the grievance was, before she began her narrative, that she might *suit* her story to the humor of the moment; with a look of anxiety therefore, and an affectionate pressure of the hand, she said, “excuse me, dear madam, but I cannot speak on any subject foreign to the one that

now engrosses my mind, until you have quieted my apprehensions respecting yourself: your looks betray uneasiness; deign to confide your sorrow to the most faithful of your friends?" "You are a good creature, Dawson," replied Miss Bridgeman, "and deserve to be trusted; your anxiety, however, has over-rated my present grievances, as I assure you they are nothing more than what spring from pecuniary disappointment. The Marquis has not settled that long account, nor even offered to accommodate me with a part, and I have some payments to make, that would render a couple of hundreds very acceptable to me just now; as all the money I am sure of receiving, is appropriated before it comes, for the expences of the last year. It is very hard to be obliged to abridge myself of *all* those enjoyments which are suited to my taste,

and to which my pretensions are certainly well founded: two hundred pounds would be absolutely worth four to me at this moment." Mrs. Dawson smiled, and turning out of the room, without speaking, went in search of her pocket book, which contained the bank bill that had been received with little Fanny. So fortunate an opening to her cause was, indeed, as far above her hopes as her expectations; and like a skilful lawyer, Mrs. Dawson knew well how to take advantage of it. When she re-entered the room, she presented the pocket book to Miss Bridgeman. "Would to heaven," said she, "it were always in my power to administer, thus fortunately to your exigencies, what wish of my dear friends would then remain ungratified?" Miss Bridgeman looked surprised, but mechanically opening the book, she cast her eye upon the

bank bill. "My dear Dawson," said she, as she took it in her hand, "what can this mean?" "It means my dear madam, that the two hundred pounds, you were just wishing for is there, at your command." Mrs. Dawson then related the story of Fanny's arrival--produced the letter--and described the child as a perfect cherub in beauty, and a prodigy in sense. Her narrative was worded in a manner so well suited to Miss Bridgeman's particularities, that it had the effect upon her mind the narrator intended it should. The seasonable supply of two hundred pounds, at a moment when it was so much wanted, had put her into a good humour, and the artful manner in which the tale had been unfolded completed the favorable impression. Fanny was received at her *levée* the next morning, in the most gracious manner; Emily Barlowe was highly

commended for having noticed "*the sweet little creature,*" as Miss Bridgeman styled her new pupil, and of course it became the order of the day at Myrtle Grove to make "*Fatherless Fanny*" (as she sometimes pathetically called herself) the favorite of all those who aspired to its lofty mistresses good graces. Every visitor was shown the "*lovely girl,*" and were told, with a significant nod, that *time* would prove the child to be *somebody*. Never was there a happier being than little Fanny, endowed by nature with a sweet temper, and the most buoyant spirits, enjoying the favor of every creature that approached her; her little heart beat responsive to the blissful feelings of affection and gratitude. Emily Barlowe was, however, the dearest object of her infantine love, and on *her* gentle bosom the sweet prattler generally composed herself to sleep.

when the hour of retirement arrived. To Emily, Fanny was now become the *summum bonum* of happiness, who filled up every moment of leisure with the delightful task of instructing her darling, to whom every accomplishment was imparted, her tender age was capable of receiving. Lady Maria Trentham was very fond of Fanny too, and vied with Emily Barlowe in the task of instructing her, and such was the zeal of the teachers, and such the capacity of the scholar, that the little favorite soon became a miracle of cleverness, and was cited as an example to girls twice her age, not only for application but acquirements.

At the end of the first year, Miss Bridgeman, who had *depended* upon the annual *two hundred*, promised in Fanny's commendatory letter, felt herself extremely inconvenienced at its not appearing, but when a se-

cond year elapsed, and no notice was taken either of the promise or the child, her patience was entirely exhausted. Poor Fanny was no longer a favorite: but a little troublesome brat, that had been imposed upon her credulity by some designing person, who depending upon the *benevolence* of her heart, imagined she would keep the child for *nothing*, when once it had got such hold of her affection as to make it painful to her to part with it: however, they would find themselves mistaken, for she was not a person to be imposed upon in that manner, Emily Barlowe who was present when Miss Bridgeman, was venting her spleen upon this irritating subject, thought to herself “those who depend upon the *benevolence* of *your* heart, *must* find themselves *mistaken*.” “I will get rid of the troublesome little impostor,” continued the incensed Miss

Bridgeman, "I am determined I will do so immediately. Nobody shall *dare* to treat *me* in this manner, with impunity; I will advertise the girl in the most popular newspapers, and if *that* expedient does not make her friends come forward, I will send the *chit* to the workhouse, where she ought to have been sent at first, if Dawson had not been a *fool*."

"My dear Miss Bridgeman," said the amiable Emily, as soon as she could get in a word, "my dear Miss Bridgeman let *me* plead for this poor little innocent, try *one* year more before you have recourse to such severe measures; perhaps the most fatal consequences may accrue to her unfortunate mother, if you should advertise the particulars of this mysterious story, and may prove the ultimate ruin of the dear child. If nobody comes forward in that time I will pay you the expences of this

year of *grace* out of my own allowance : and if you are determined to *part* with the lovely orphan, I will write to papa for permission to adopt her, and take her with me to Jamaica, when I leave school." Miss Bridgeman knew her own interest too well to refuse such a request as the foregoing. She arrogated considerable merit, however, in the concession, and Fatherless Fanny, as she was now generally denominated by her governess, was permitted to remain at Myrtle Grove, the cherished object of the benevolent Emily's affection, for the space of another year.

That year elapsed like the former two, and yet Fanny was not claimed by any friend, neither was any money remitted for her support, and the gentle Emily was obliged to pay out of her allowance the charge made by Miss Bridgeman for the last year. This sacrifice of *all* the good girls

other extra expences, was made with the most perfect good will, in favor of her little darling, yet it was not rewarded with the satisfaction so benevolent an action was entitled to; for, alas! in answer to the pathetic letter she had sent to her father, pleading the cause of the unfortunate orphan, she received one from her mother couched in terms of high displeasure—"I have intercepted the ridiculous letter you addressed to your father," said Mrs. Barlowe, "and I consider it a lucky circumstance that it fell into my hands, as I know his *silly* good-nature would most likely have led him to comply with your romantic request. I desire I may never hear of such a thing again. Adopt a *child* indeed! I fancy you will find uses enough for your fortune, when you get it into your hands, without incumbering yourself with brats that are nothing to you.

Caroline would never have thought of such a thing ; I am sure she has too much prudence and good sense to encourage such ridiculous propensities. Remember, girl, '*charity begins at home.*' "

This severe injunction was a cruel blow upon the tender-hearted Emily, who thus lost the power of snatching her dear Fanny from the evils that threatened her. The good girl well knew that if she could obtain her father's ear, her request would be granted ; but after this prohibition from her mother, she did not dare to risk another letter on the same subject. Only *one* year was now wanting for the completion of the Miss Barlowe's education : they were then to return to Jamaica ; and Emily consoled herself with the reflection, that at least when she *saw* her father she should be able to accomplish her wishes respecting Fanny ; if that dear

girl should then stand in need of her assistance. Lady Maria Trentham, who was Emily's particular friend, would gladly have assisted her in maintaining Fanny; but, alas! a profusion of fine clothes, and an unnecessary display of trinkets, was all the poor girl possessed, besides a truly benevolent heart. Any thing would have been granted her, indeed, by her indulgent mother, that did not require *ready* money, for of *that* pleasing article there could not be less in any house than in that of the noble Marquis of Petersfield, but poor Lady Maria knew it was of no use to offer any thing short of the *ready* to Miss Bridgeman, who was already in Hamlet's case, namely—"promise crammed."

The expedient of advertising the helpless Fanny, was therefore adverted to by Miss Bridgeman, without farther delay, to the no small

concern of that lovely girl's juvenile patronesses, who daily mixed their tears together at the sad idea of their favorite being removed from their society. The following is the advertisement which appeared in the most popular papers of the day, relative to the forsaken Fanny, and which Miss Bridgeman dictated herself:

### CHILD FOUND.

Whereas some ill-minded Person or Persons, left a little Girl at the house of Miss Bridgeman, Myrtle Grove, three years ago, with an intention, no doubt, of defrauding that Lady of the maintenance of the said child. This is to give notice, that unless the before-mentioned little Girl be taken away from Myrtle Grove, within one month from the date hereof, she will be sent to the Workhouse. The child answers to the name of Fanny.

## CHAP. II.

*A Misunderstanding.*

LORD ELLINCOURT was a young nobleman of that thoughtless kind, which is but too often met with in this dissipated age. He was addicted to every species of gaming, not from natural inclination but an acquired habit of idleness. His lordship possessed abilities calculated to shine in the senate, had their latent powers been drawn forth by that best finisher of a good education—I mean the society of the wise and virtuous. Instead of that, however, this young sprig of nobility had been precipitated into the vortex of extravagance and folly, by his connections at col-

lege, where so many of his Right Honorable cousins assailed him with the temptations, into which they had long been initiated themselves, that between precept and example his mind became perverted, and he forsook the paths of learning, for those of dissipation, and soon preferred *killing* time, by a thousand extravagant follies, to the sober enjoyment of *spending* it in rational amusements, or valuable acquirements. At his *débüt* in the great world, Lord Elincourt kept a stud of race-horses for the sake of *employment*: two packs of hounds for the same reason: and from the same good motive, when the pleasures of London confined him to the metropolis for the *season* (winter is no longer in *fashion*) he drove, with the fury of a *Jehu*, a tandem *dog-cart*, a *mail*, and an *inexplicable*, to the astonishment of the natives, and the imminent danger of

the sober foot passengers, who came in his way, whilst taking his dashing round, through Bond Street, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly. Lord Ellincourt, like most men of fashion, had many *favorites* amongst the *fair* sex, but few upon whose fidelity he could place much reliance. One exception, however, he had long been in possession of, who, although a female, had never for an instant broken her faith. Some of his favorites received his lordship according to the state of his finances, and smiled or frowned in proportion to the golden shower that fell into their laps from his bounty: but his little *Fan* was invariable in the display of her affection, and lavished her caresses upon her beloved lord without considering whether he had had a run of good or ill-luck. His lordship was not ungrateful, and his regard for *Fan* was quite equal to the one

she felt for him, nor did he ever think himself happy when she was not by his side. Whithersoever he went his faithful friend went with him, and even partook of his bed-room ; but lest I should be supposed to be a retailer of *scandalous* anecdotes, I must beg leave, in this place, to inform my readers that poor Fan was a *four-footed lady*, and therefore the intimacy that subsisted between her and Lord Ellincourt could reflect no disgrace on either party. A misfortune however, happened that disturbed the happiness of this loving pair. Poor Fan was stolen away, and every effort to find her, proved ineffectual, although advertisements, offering large rewards, were inserted in all the papers. The loss of his dear little favorite, had been the theme of Lord Ellincourt's conversation for many weeks, and his gay companions began to grow weary of the subject.

“What a d—d bore it is,” said Col. Ross to Sir Henry Ambersley, “to be obliged to listen to Ellincourt’s lamentations for the loss of his little mongrel, every time one meets him.”

“Let’s hoax him,” replied Sir Henry, “and cure him of such nonsensical prosing.” “In what manner?” asked his friend. “I’ll shew you,” replied Sir Henry, taking a newspaper that lay before them, on the table, and pointing out Miss Bridgeman’s advertisement. “But what will that do?” again asked Col. Ross: “what hoax can you make from that stupid paragraph?” “You shall see,” answered Sir Henry, “here comes Ellincourt, and I will put my scheme into execution immediately.” Lord Ellincourt entered the coffee room at the same instant, and coming up to the two friends, he asked, with his usual *non-chalance*, “what news?” “The

best in the *world*," replied Sir Henry, "your little Fan is found." "The Devil she is? but tell me, my dear fellow, the *wheres* and the *hows* and *all that*?" "I'll read you the advertisement," answered Sir Henry, taking the paper in his hand and reading Miss Bridgeman's advertisement aloud, only substituting the word Dog in the place of child and girl, whenever they occurred, suppressing the date, and altering the concluding line, respecting the workhouse, into a threat to *hang* the poor animal, if not re-claimed within a month. "What a barbarian!" exclaimed Lord Ellincourt, "to talk of hanging poor little *Fan*. D—— her if she was to do it, I would burn the old *faggot*. I will drive down there directly. I know Myrtle Grove *immensely* well, I have been there to see the Trenthams, with my mother. A queer old figure that said governess is; I remember

her well. I did not like her *phiz*. May I be *bamboozled* the next New-market meeting, if I don't scalp the old savage with my own hands, should I find she has used Fan ill, mind that." Sir Henry and Colonel Ross laughed, "take care you don't get into the *stocks*, my boy," said he, "remember you will be upon *classic* ground, and don't sin against the muses." "Confusion seize the muses, and the classic ground too," rejoined my lord, "little *Fan* is worth all Parnassus put together.—Adieu—I am off, I will bring little Fan back, or the old Gorgon's head, I am determined upon that." "Had not your lordship better *read* the advertisement yourself, before you set out," said Col. Ross, offering the paper. "Oh no; no," replied Lord Ellincourt, "there *can* be no mistake, the description answers exactly, and the poor little devil being shut

up in that cursed bore of a place, is the reason I have not been able to find her before." As he spoke, his impatient lordship hastened out of the room, and left his two friends laughing at the credulity with which he had taken the hoax. "I little imagined," said Col. Ross, "that he would have swallowed the bait so easily." "You are a pretty fellow, too, a'nt you?" replied Sir Henry, "I thought you would have spoiled the joke. Quiz me if I would not give a *cool* hundred to be present when he and the old governess get at it, tooth and nail." "What do you think they will fight?" "I am sure of it," answered Sir Henry: "Ellincourt will insist upon having his dog, the old girl will swear she has not got it, and then there will be a quarrel. She is a very dragon, my sister tells me; and Ellincourt is *Cayenne* itself: so if there be not a

row I shall be surprised," This was by much too good a joke, to be confined to two people; after a hearty laugh, therefore, the fashionable pair strolled out on purpose "*to set it a-going,*" and to prepare a merry greeting for their friend Ellincourt, at his return from Myrtle Grove.

In the meantime Lord Ellincourt proceeded to the livery stables, where his horses stood, and ordering his grooms to prepare his tandem immediately, and to follow him to Hyde Park; he walked thither anticipating the joy he should experience, when little Fan was restored to him. The drive to Myrtle Grove appeared of an immoderate length, so impatient was his lordship to reach the place that contained his long-lost favorite. At length the white gate, leading to the sweep before the mansion, struck his eye, and giving a renovating crack of his whip, to in-

crease the speed of his barbs. The dashing equipage presently stopped before it. The porter answering in the affirmative to the question whether Miss Bridgeman were at home, Lord Ellincourt alighted, and was ushered into the elegant *boudoir* of the *modish* governess. His Lordship's patience experienced a severe trial whilst waiting the arrival of the antiquated virgin ; for having sent in his name, the lady was too anxious to appear in *style* to think of coming before his lordship until she had consulted her mirror, to ascertain the exact state of her dress ; in performing this *necessary* sacrifice to the graces, Miss Bridgeman perceived that her cap did not become her, and she changed it for another ; then her *gown* did not please her, and she ordered her maid to bring her last new dress, which was substituted for the one she had on : when completely

equipped, she descended to her expecting visitor ; who, having examined every picture and turned over every newspaper that laid upon the table, was standing whistling in one of the windows, when Miss Bridgeman entered the room. She began a long apology, which, however, Lord Ellincourt interrupted in the middle, by saying dear madam excuse my impatience ; your advertisement informs me that you have got my little Fan, and I am in a devilish hurry to see the dear creature.”

“ And does little Fanny belong to your Lordship,” exclaimed Miss Bridgeman, in a tone of surprise, whilst a smile of complaisance expressed the pleasure she felt at the intelligence. “ How happy I feel that the dear little creature fell into my hands. I am sure your lordship will be satisfied with the care I have taken of her.” “ You are very good

ma'am," answered his lordship, with an impatient inclination of the head, "I have no doubt of your kindness to the little thing, but I really wish to see her; she is a great favorite of mine, and so was her mother."

"Your lordship was acquainted with Fanny's mother then," said Miss Bridgeman, drawing up her mouth in a formal manner. "Oh yes," answered his lordship, laughing—"her mother and I were old acquaintances." Miss Bridgeman's formality increased at this speech of his lordship's, but her features were rather relaxed at the conclusion of it; for he added, "and so, indeed, was her father, I was very fond of him too." "And pray, my lord," asked the prim lady, "what is become of poor Fanny's father. I understood he was dead?" "I wonder by what means you ever heard any thing about him," replied Lord Ellincourt,

“ however, if it will be any satisfaction to you to know it, I must inform you he was *hanged*, about two years ago.” “ Hanged ! did your lordship say *hanged*,” exclaimed Miss Bridgeman, horror and astonishment painted on her features. “ Yes, my good ma’am,” answered his lordship, with a smile, “ the poor fellow was really *hanged* for *sheep stealing*, I did what I could to save him, but my interest failed, he has been caught in the fact, and the farmer would not hear of *pardon*. But what’s the matter Miss Bridgeman, you look frightened ?” “ And enough to make me so, I think, my lord,” answered she, “ to reflect that I have been harbouring the daughter of a *sheep-stealer* in my house all this time,” “ Oh is that all ?”—answered Lord Ellincourt, laughing, “ don’t let *that* frighten you ; my life upon it little Fan will never meddle with your *lambs*. I

"don't intend to allow her to stay any longer amongst them, I assure your lordship," said Miss Bridgeman, with a haughty toss of her head, "the contamination has already been too great. But pray, my lord, what is become of the mother of this unfortunate female, is she still alive?" "No, she is *dead too*," answered his lordship, "I *kept* her as long as she lived, and so I mean to do by Fan if you will but have the goodness to put an end to this long catechism, and let me have the dear little creature." "I have no intention of detaining her, I assure your lordship, but I beg leave to observe, that I shall expect to be reimbursed for the expences I have been at in her maintenance and education." "The maintenance of such a little animal," replied his lordship, "cannot be much to be sure, but as to her education I am certainly no judge of

what that may be, for I cannot imagine what the Devil you can have taught her, she knew how to *fetch* and *carry* before I lost her.” “Your lordship talks in a very odd strain,” answered Miss Bridgeman, “but I can produce the masters’ bills who have been employed to teach her *music, dancing, and drawing.*” Lord Ellincourt burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, “Excuse me, Miss Bridgeman, but really I cannot help it. You *educating* ladies are for instructing every thing that comes near you, or you never would have thought of teaching my poor *Fan* such a long list of accomplishments: however, to make all straight, I will agree thus far to your demand, if you will prove to me that your scholar has learned *any thing*, of what you pretend to have taught her, I will pay for it whatever you think proper to charge, for, upon my soul, I think I shall

make a fortune by shewing the little creature about the streets. *Dancing* she *may* have acquired, but as to any thing else, excuse me if I don't believe a word of it." "Your lordship is at liberty to think what you please," answered Miss Bridgeman, haughtily, "but I shall insist upon being paid, before I give up the *child*. I will fetch her to convince your lordship that she has *capacity*, and that she has received *instruction*." So saying, Miss Bridgeman flounced out of the room, and left Lord Ellincourt mute with astonishment. — "That old maid," at length said he, "is so used to have children under her care, that when she gets a *dog* into her clutches, she fancies she must educate that, and talks about it, till she believes a spaniel is a child." Miss Bridgeman was absent only a few minutes, for she returned leading Fanny by the hand, whose terrified

countenance and streaming eyes, plainly evinced the severity with which her governess had just been treating her. Fanny was now turned of eight years old, a tall elegantly-formed child, whose dazzling complexion and beautiful features were calculated to strike every beholder with admiration. Lord Ellincourt gazed at her with surprise, mingled with delight. "What a sweet creature," exclaimed his lordship, "but why is she weeping?" "There, my lord, is little Fanny," said Miss Bridgeman, not noticing his question, "and if your lordship was really as fond of her worthless parents as you pretend to have been, you will not think much of paying the debts their offspring has contracted." "Upon my honor, madam," replied Lord Ellincourt, "I am wholly at a loss to guess what you are aiming at; I never had the honor of seeing the

parents of that sweet girl, at least to the best of my knowledge."

"Why, good Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Bridgeman, "did not your lordship say, not a quarter of an hour ago, that her father was *hanged* for *sheep-stealing*, and that her mother was a *naughty kept woman*?"—

"Who? I?" rejoined Lord Ellincourt, starting, "I never even *imagined* such a thing." "I am astonished at your lordship; indeed I am," said Miss Bridgeman, her eyes flashing resentment, "did not your lordship say you were come to fetch Fanny away, and that you intended keeping her as long as she lived, as you had done her mother, and all that we hesitated about was respecting the payment of my demand for her education?" "Here has been a great mistake," replied Lord Ellincourt, "and I feel very much ashamed of having occasioned you so much

trouble. I came here, madam, at the instigation of a friend of mine, who told me you had found a little *dog*, belonging to me, which I lost sometime ago. The little animal's name was *Fanny*, and hence originated the mistake. My friend, Sir Henry Ambersly, read an advertisement to me this morning, stating that the creature was found, and might be heard of *here*. I am persuaded he did it for a hoax, of which he is too fond, a circumstance I ought to have recollected when he was playing off this morning; but the joy of finding Fan was predominant, and swallowed up every other consideration." "It is, indeed, a strange circumstance," replied Miss Bridgeman, "and has been productive of much trouble to me." "I am very sorry, very sorry, upon my soul," answered Lord Ellincourt, "and what concerns me more than any thing

else is, that I fear I have occasioned sorrow to this beautiful little angel," taking Fanny's hand, who had dried up her tears, when she heard his lordship declare that she was not the daughter of a *sheep-stealer*. Miss Bridgeman reached a newspaper which contained her advertisement, and begged Lord Ellincourt to read it. As soon as he had complied with her request, he said, "and is it possible that you can intend to send this child to the workhouse?" "Yes, my lord, unless she be reclaimed by the time I have specified." "By Heavens you shall not!" said his lordship, "I will pay for her myself, if nobody comes forward to claim her. I will keep a horse or two less at Newmarket, to enable me to do it. Do you agree to that Miss Bridgeman?" Miss Bridgeman smiled, and was vastly pleased with such an arrangement. "Your lordship under-

stands there are *arrears* !” “ Undoubtedly; and as I have just had a run of good luck, let us strike a balance now, let us have your bill?” Miss Bridgeman complied with his lordship’s request; and presenting her exorbitant demand, which she had got ready drawn out in case of any application from the child’s friends, Lord Ellincourt only looked at the sum total, and immediately drew upon his banker for the amount. “ There,” said he, “ remember now Fanny is *my* child henceforward, and mind you use the little angel kindly, or sink me if I don’t blow your house up with gunpowder. I may come and see her some times, mayn’t I?” added his lordship. “ Certainly, my lord,” answered Miss Bridgeman, curtsying low, “ we shall always esteem your lordship’s visits an honor, and Fanny I am sure ought to love Lord Ellincourt.” “ And so I do

most dearly, dearly," answered the sweet girl, holding up her lovely face to kiss her benefactor. "I shall pray for Lord Ellincourt every night and morning, and so will Emily Barlowe and Lady Maria Trentham, for they have been so unhappy about me." Lord Ellincourt embraced his adopted child, and swore a great oath that he never felt so happy in his life. "No, by Heavens!" added he, "not even when my Miss Tiffany beat Sir Jeffery Dollman's Ganderface, and the bets won two thousand guineas." "Apropos," said his lordship, turning back as he was leaving the room, after having embraced Fanny half a dozen times for farewell, "I forgot, I ought to see the Lady Trenthams, they are my cousins. Miss Bridgeman entreated his lordship to defer that intention until his next visit, and after some hesitation he complied, and hasten-

ing to his carriage, dashed off in an instant. Fanny, who accompanied her governess to the door to witness his departure, followed the carriage with her eyes full of tears, "what a dear sweet gentleman that is," said the innocent girl, "Oh how I love him." "He is a very generous man, indeed," said Miss Bridgeman, and well she might say so, for he had paid her enormous charge for the whole time Fanny had been with her. The two hundred pounds that came with her, and Miss Barlowe's generous contribution, were therefore a clear profit, and Fatherless Fanny thus became one of the most advantageous scholars she had ever had.

## CHAPTER III.

*Mutual Explanation.*

WHEN Fanny returned to the apartment where the other young ladies were, she entered it with a lively bound, and running up to Miss Emily Barlowe, clasped her arms about her neck ; the good-natured Emily's tears flowed so fast, that she could not speak ; but Miss Barlowe, the haughty Caroline, came and disengaged Fanny from her sister's embrace, saying, in an ill-natured tone of voice, " This disgraceful intimacy has endured long enough, I insist now upon its termination." Fanny looked aghast, and turning her eyes upon the other ladies, observed contempt and abhorrence painted on every counte-

nance, excepting those of Emily and the compassionate Lady Maria Trentham, who, rising from her seat, took the terrified girl by the hand, and said, “ don’t be frightened Fanny, *I* will always be your friend.” “ Indeed but *I* say *no* to that,” interrupted Lady Isabella, “ a very pretty story truly, for the Marquis of Petersfield’s daughter to be the companion of a *sheep-stealer’s child*.” Here all the girls burst into a fit of laughter, and poor Fanny was so overcome that, covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud. Emily Barlowe could not support the sight of her favorite’s sorrow, but taking her in her arms, she pressed her to her bosom. “ Nothing short of a parent’s commands shall induce me to forsake this dear child,” said she, “ let her be the daughter of what she will.” Soothed by this kindness, poor Fanny recovered her speech—

“ I am not a sheep-stealer’s daughter; indeed Miss Emily, it was all a mistake, for Lord Ellincourt said so.” “ Lord Ellincourt !” exclaimed Lady Maria Trentham, “ was it Lord Ellincourt who has just been here ? he is my cousin !” “ I know it,” replied Fanny, “ and his lordship asked Miss Bridgeman to let him see you and Lady Isabella ; but she begged him to wait until he called next time-” “ Is he coming again soon ?” asked Lady Maria, “ Yes,” replied Fanny, “ very soon. Oh how I love Lord Ellincourt.” “ And so do I,” said Lady Maria, “ he is so good-natured. I wonder why Miss Bridgeman would not let us see him.” “ I don’t know,” answered Fanny. Miss Bridgeman generally had a motive for what she did, that concerned herself nearer than any body else, and such was the case in the present instance ; for her

only reason for refusing Lord Ellincourt's request, was, that she wished to conceal, from a person who had evinced such natural benevolence as his lordship had done, the cruelty of her own heart, which had ledr he to treat poor Fanny with such unmerited severity, upon the strength of a mere surmise. When Miss Bridgeman had quitted the room to fetch Fanny to Lord Ellincourt, her mind was impressed with the idea of the imputed worthlessness of the child's parents, and proud of an opportunity of revenging the anxiety she had suffered on her account, she immediately spread the report of poor Fanny being the daughter of a sheep-stealer, by exclaiming, when she entered "*la salle des sciences* where is the worthless girl I have been wasting such care upon?" Then seizing Fanny's hand with an ill-natured jirk, she added, "a pretty creature you

are, to be sure, Miss, to be brought into the society of young ladies of rank ; a sheep-stealer's daughter ! ! !” The young ladies looked astonished. “ Yes, indeed, ladies,” said Miss Bridgeman, “ this girl is the offspring of a kept mistress, and a man that was *hanged* for *sheep-stealing*.” The consequences of such a speech to a groupe of young girls, proud of their births and tenacious of their consequence, may readily be imagined; every one was unanimous in execrating the innocent object of their hatred, with the exception of Lady Maria Trentham and Emily Barlowe, who could only weep over a misfortune they could not remedy. The joy these benevolent girls experienced when they heard Fanny say the whole was a mistake, may be readily imagined, and when it was confirmed by Miss Bridgeman herself, who related the story of the dog, as an elucidation of

of the mistake, a hearty laugh removed every vestige of sorrow and displeasure; and the sweet Fanny was restored to the same portion of favor she before enjoyed with every one of her school mates.

When Mrs. Dawson was informed that the hurricane had subsided, she made her appearance in the circle she had quitted at the first intimation of Miss Bridgeman's displeasure, for as she had been the ostensible person in receiving Fanny, she well knew, if the disagreeable report proved true, she should be a material sufferer, both from her stately superior and the young ladies. Lord Ellincourt's generosity, however, had put Miss Bridgeman into such a perfect good humour, that Fanny was once more her "*little poppet*;" and Mrs. Dawson from a "*great fool*," was become her "*dear Dawson*," and received the pleasing intelligence of the debt

contracted by Fanny, having been so nobly discharged, as well as the promise made by Lord Ellincourt of supporting the little orphan in future. "The turn off about the *dog*, my dear Dawson," said Miss Bridgeman, "was extremely well done, but I assure you it did not impose upon me, for I firmly believe, at this moment, that Fanny is Lord Ellincourt's daughter ; but as much good may be drawn from keeping the girl, you may be sure I shall not breathe my suspicions, and I desire you to be equally circumspect." "Oh you know *my* dear ma'am that you can rely upon *my* prudence. I am as secret as the *grave* ; but do you *really* think Fanny *can* be Lord Ellincourt's daughter ? I understood his lordship was only just two-and-twenty, and Fanny, you know, is turned of eight." Miss Bridgeman paused—then answered, in an im-

patient tone, "I don't care how old they either of them are, I have adopted my opinion, and I am not apt to relinquish my opinions when once formed." Mrs. Dawson knew this as well as Miss Bridgeman, she therefore acquiesced without farther disputation, and Miss Bridgeman proceeded to give directions respecting Fanny's future acquirements, as notwithstanding her boast to Lord Ellincourt, no masters had attended the poor girl since the defalcation of the payment. Miss Emily Barlowe had supplied their place to the utmost of her abilities, that her favorite might not entirely lose the accomplishments in which she was making such rapid progress. "That girl must be attended to *now*," said Miss Bridgeman, "for I dare say she will go somewhere in the holidays, where her advancement will be ascertained." "I will observe what you say, my

dear ma'am," said the supple Mrs. Dawson, "you know the neglect she has experienced was at your own suggestion." "Yes, yes," replied Miss Bridgeman, "I am aware of that, but, no doubt, you remember the old French adage—'*Point d'argent, point de suisse*,' and so it ought to be at Myrtle Grove." "Undoubtedly," rejoined Mrs. Dawson, "we must not throw our attentions away upon *beggars*."

Whilst matters were settling according to this *prudent* plan, at Myrtle Grove, Lord Ellincourt pursued his way to London, singing to himself, with a *gaiété de cœur* of which, till that moment, he had been insensible: this may appear a paradoxical assertion, after what has been said respecting the thoughtless life his lordship had hitherto led, but to any of my readers, who may have trod the flowery paths of dissipated pleasure,

it will not be deemed impossible that a disciple of *Circe*, should be a stranger to *genuine heart-felt satisfaction*—that sweet sensation of the soul, is the result of conscious virtue, and the first time Lord Ellincourt experienced its happy influence, was when he first reflected on a benevolent action ; it was not that his lordship was destitute of humanity, or insensible to feeling, but from a natural thoughtlessness of disposition, and a habitual propensity to dissipation, that he had never before adopted the plan of extending the hand of charity to the sons and daughters of misfortune, as an expedient against the *ennui* of which he was always complaining. Chance had now thrown an opportunity in his way, trying a new kind of *delassement*, and the result of the experiment was, a determination on the part of his lordship to pursue the path that had been struck out for him. The motion of

the light vehicle he was driving, was not more rapid than the progress of the ideas that succeeded each other in Lord Ellincourt's mind, as he returned towards the metropolis.— Fanny, the lovely artless Fanny was the subject of all these cogitations, and the fascination that had seized his mind, increased with every recollection. Her interesting countenance, at the moment he first beheld her, still seemed to rise before him; her blooming cheeks suffused with pearly drops; her eyes of “*softest blue*,” turned with a supplicating look towards him, that might have softened the most obdurate heart ;— “ Sweet creature !” said his lordship, as he drove along, “ I never spent money with such delight, as that I paid for her to day. She *shall* be my child ! by Heavens she shall, and I will maintain her like a little princess !” This resolution filled Lord

Ellincourt's heart with pleasure, and when he drove through the turnpike, at Hyde-Park Corner, he was so absorbed in the agreeable reverie he had indulged in, that he did not perceive Col. Ross and Sir Henry Ambersley, who were strolling arm in arm along the *pavè*, expressly for the purpose of way-laying his lordship on his return. "Ellincourt," exclaimed Sir Henry, exalting his voice into the tones of Stentor, "where's little Fan?" Lord Ellincourt drew up to the side of the pavement, and extending his hand to Sir Henry, "a thousand thanks my dear fellow," said he, "for procuring me the greatest pleasure I ever experienced in my life. The little Fan you sent me in search of, instead of a *dog* is an *angel*." "What have you been peeping at *Winnifred* Bridgeman's pretty heiresses? *eh*, Ellincourt?" said Sir Henry. Lord El-

lincourt gave the reins to his groom, and descending from his carriage, he joined his friends. "*Old Bridgeman* is a downright divinity, and Myrtle Grove superior to *Ida* itself," said his lordship, putting an arm through that of the friend on each side of him. "He's *caught*, by all that's striking," said Col. Ross, "old Bridgeman knows what she's about, I warrant her; she has been *showing off* some *tittle-hunting* miss, and the trap has taken a lord. A true bill, is it not Ellincourt?" "That my *heart* is *touched* I allow," replied his lordship, "and by a pretty girl too; but it is an *artless* amour I assure you on *both* sides, and entirely owing to your hoax about the dog, Ambersley. It is an attachment that will last for *life* however, I am persuaded, and when I show you the object of my affection, if you do not say she is the most fascinating creature you ever

saw, I will never cite you for men of taste again as long as I live.”

“ But *when* shall we see her ?” asked Sir Henry, “ for you have set me longing ; is the *show* open to every body ?” “ Oh, no,” said Col. Ross, “ I suppose Ellincourt has ordered her to be shut up until he puts his coronet on her brow. Is it not so ?”

“ Time will shew,” answered his lordship, “ but *this* I will promise you, next time I go to Myrtle Grove, I will take *one* of you, for I suppose they will not grant admission to *three* such sad dogs, and then you will be better able to form your judgment of my *charmer*.” “ Hoax for hoax, my word for it,” said Col. Ross, “ Ellincourt is only playing at *reprisals*. He has been put into the *stocks* at Myrtle Grove, for his ill-behavior, and he wants to get us into the same scrape.” “ You may do as you like about going,” rejoined his lordship,

“but I give you my word I am in earnest ; I never was more serious in my life, and to prove it I intend persuading my mother to accompany me in my next visit. I shall drive her in my mail, and you can sit with me upon the *dickey*.” “I will go with you,” said Col. Ross, “if you are not afraid of a *militaire*. If I should rival you, it might not be so well,” “True,” rejoined Lord Ellincourt, “but I am fearless on that subject, *My Fanny* will love me best, see who she will.” “I do not feel so sure of that,” said Sir Henry Ambersley, “and as I have no inclination to measure swords with you, I will abstain from going.” “*Comme il vous plaira*,” answered Lord Ellincourt, and the subject was immediately changed.

The whim of adopting Fanny, did not turn out like most of Lord Ellincourt’s former whims, it survived the

lapse of several days, and seemed to acquire strength from reflection. The Dowager Lady Ellincourt, his lordship's mother, was one of those indulgent parents that feel every other sentiment absorbed in their maternal tenderness. Her ladyship had been left a young widow, and although several very advantageous offers had been made her, she had remained in the solitary state of widowhood out of pure affection to her children.

Lady Ellincourt had only two children living; the son of whom we have been speaking, and one daughter, who was some years older than her brother. Lady Caroline Mason had been married at the early age of seventeen, to the Earl of Castlebrazil, an Irish nobleman, and resided chiefly in that country. Lord Ellincourt was therefore his mother's only solace, and there was no request that he could make her, with which she

did not feel eager to comply. Her ladyship was at her Villa at Richmond, when Lord Ellincourt paid his visit to Myrtle Grove: she knew nothing therefore of her son's new attachment, until her return to London, about a week afterwards, when Lord Ellincourt called at her ladyship's house in Hill Street, and broke the ice in the following manner:—

“ I have something to ask you, my dear mother, that I hardly know how to begin about, for fear you should disapprove of it.” “ What is it, Edmund?” said Lady Ellincourt, with a smile, that might have encouraged even a more timid petitioner, “ you know I am not *very inaccessible*.”

“ I know it well,” replied his lordship, “ and therefore I don't like to intrude upon your goodness, but my heart is set upon your compliance.” “ Is it money, Edmund?”

“ No, upon my honor, but I will not give you the trouble of guessing, my dear mother. I have taken a fancy to a sweet girl, and I want your countenance for her.” “ Edmund,” said Lady Ellincourt, looking very grave, “ I hope you are not forming an attachment I am likely to disapprove of; marriages against the consent of parents are seldom productive of happiness, and I have the most decided objection to them from a knowledge of their fatal tendency. My own family will furnish you with an instance of the most melancholy kind, that could not fail of impressing your mind with a salutary fear of falling into the same error, were I to take the trouble of relating the sad tale, but I know you have a great dislike to long stories, so I shall not trouble you with it unless you render it necessary, by your imprudence.” “ You give excellent

advice, my dear mother," replied Lord Ellincourt, "but my attachment is not of the kind you suppose it to be. The girl I have taken a fancy to, is quite a child; she is destitute of friends, and I am determined to defray the expences of her education; the favor I want you to grant me, is your countenance for the sweet little creature, which when you have seen you will admire as much as I do." Lord Ellincourt then related the trick Sir Henry Ambersley had played him, about the advertisement, and his visit in consequence of it to Miss Bridgeman's Temple of Instruction. Lady Ellincourt laughed; "Are you *sure*, Edmund," said she, "that this is the *truth* and *nothing but the truth*?" "Upon honor," replied his lordship, "when you have seen her you will not doubt it: let me drive you there to-day, my dear mother." "Not

to-day, Edmund," replied her ladyship, " but I *will* accompany you to-morrow."

The next day Lady Ellincourt kept her appointment; and her son, accompanied by Col. Ross, drove her down to Myrtle Grove. Lady Ellincourt had been in the habit of visiting the Ladies Trentham, and was therefore personally known to Miss Bridgeman, who being a devout worshipper of high rank, was delighted when her noble visitor was announced. Lady Isabella and Lady Maria were called to see their aunt, and at their entrance Lord Ellincourt demanded his dear little Fanny. Miss Bridgeman, with a significant nod, said, " I waited for your lordship's commands:" and ringing the bell, ordered the servant to fetch *Miss Fanny*. The sweet child soon obeyed the summons, and regardless of the presence of Lady Ellincourt, and

Col. Ross, ran with open arms to embrace her benefactor, whose delight at this testimony of her gratitude and affection made him ready to devour her with kisses. As soon as the loving pair could separate from each other, Lady Ellincourt took Fanny by the hand, and examining her countenance, exclaimed, "What a sweet creature! What is her name, Edmund?" "*Fatherless Fanny*," replied Lord Ellincourt, "she has no other." "I am not to be called *Fatherless Fanny* any more," said the child, "for Lord Ellincourt will be my papa." Col. Ross smiled and looked significant, and Lady Ellincourt pressed the sweet girl to her bosom. A suspicion she could not repress, made her ladyship incline towards the Colonel's and Miss Bridgeman's opinion, although a moderate calculation of their respective ages would have

proved beyond a doubt the falacy of such an idea, as that Fanny could be Lord Ellincourt's daughter. The playful innocence of the engaging Fanny, won completely upon the heart of Lady Ellincourt, who became as warm an advocate for the scheme of adoption as her son, and added her charges to his, in desiring Miss Bridgeman to attend to the education of the lovely orphan, who rose proportionably in the good graces of her governess, as she appeared to be esteemed by the great people that lady so constantly bowed to. Lady Maria Trentham, who rejoiced in Fanny's good fortune, received her cousin with more than usual cordiality, and Lord Ellincourt, who had been informed by Fanny of her ladyship's kindness to his favorite, thought he had never seen the amiable Maria look so bewitching.

When Lady Ellincourt found, by her watch, that she had staid to the utmost limits of her time, she gave the signal for departure; and Lord Ellincourt putting a little parcel into Fanny's hand, which he told her contained a keepsake, kissed her for farewell, and the whole party separated.

During the drive home, Col. Ross repeated his conjectures, respecting Fanny's affinity to her benefactor, adding, with a laugh, "that he could not have supposed his lordship capable of so much art as he had that day displayed; why you have done the old lady completely," said he. "If you mean that I have *imposed* upon my mother," said Lord Ellincourt, "you are mistaken, for I swear, by all that is sacred, I did not know there was such a being in existence as my little Fanny, until Ambersley sent me on a fool's errand

in search of her namesake." "If that be really the case," said Col. Ross, "I can guess what are your views with this girl. She is a pretty creature, and will make an agreeable variation in your *amours passages*, by and bye." "I may have been dissipated, and unthinking," replied Lord Ellincourt, reddening with resentment at the vile suggestion, "but I hope I am incapable of *deliberate villainy*, such as you insinuate. The precaution I have taken of giving my mother's sanction to my whim, ought to teach you better."

"You astonish me!" interrupted Col. Ross, "is it possible that you have no view but *benevolence* in this munificent action?" "None, upon my honour, excepting, indeed, the pleasure of contributing to the happiness of a being I love, in a manner wholly unaccountable, even to myself," said Lord Ellincourt.

“ Then I must compliment your lordship’s *philanthropy*,” rejoined the Colonel, sarcastically, “ and I hope you will let me participate in the happiness resulting from such *heroism*, by permitting me sometimes to visit your beautiful *protégée* in your company ?”

“ No, by Heavens !” replied Lord Ellincourt, “ the man who could suspect another of such baseness, as the deliberate perversion of innocence, is unfit to be trusted where he could prove himself capable of the same turpitude, to the detriment of a defenceless female.” “ *Moralizing too*,” said Col. Ross, “ by all that’s pretty ! Upon my honor I rejoice in your lordship’s conversion, and cannot enough admire the superlatively charming cause of such a wonderful reformation.”

Here the conversation ended, and the remainder of the drive passed in

silence on both sides. Lord Ellincourt was piqued ; and Col. Ross was digesting a scheme, which had presented itself to his fancy, whilst conversing on the subject of the gentle Fanny ; the accomplishment of which promised to gratify two of his predominant passions ; namely—sensuality and revenge. Lord Ellincourt had offended his pride, by censuring his sentiments, and he wished for an opportunity of being even with him ; to deprive his lordship, at some future period, of the object of his generous affection, offered a fair prospect to the diabolical Colonel of revenging the supposed injury, and at the same time obtaining a beautiful creature to administer to his unlawful pleasures, and finally become the victim of them.

It was certainly a long while to look forward to, but Col. Ross was

one of those epicures in sensuality, who could deliberately plan and unrelentingly execute the most atrocious acts of cruelty, if they promised the slightest gratification to his depraved appetite. His wickedness was systematic, and he had as much pleasure in planning as in executing the designs he conceived.

But we will leave him to his cogitations, and proceed with our narrative. The happy Fanny as soon as her new friends were departed, opened the parcel Lord Ellincourt had left with her, and found, to her great delight, an elegant gold chain for her neck, with a small watch suspended, and a pair of bracelets to correspond. It will be easily conceived how such a present must win upon the heart of a girl like Fanny. She jumped about in raptures, and displayed her "*Papa's*" present as she styled Lord Ellincourt, to every

creature that came near her, and the novelty of possessing such a treasure, kept her awake a good part of the night.

However she soon became accustomed to the possession of trinkets, for Lord Ellincourt never was so happy as when bestowing marks of his generosity upon his favorite. Anxious to purchase good treatment for her, his lordship took care to remember Miss Bridgeman with a munificence that completely won that Lady's heart. The improvement of *Fatherless Fanny*, seemed now of more real consequence than that of any Lady in the house, and Mrs. Dawson and the subordinate teachers were continually reminded of Miss Bridgeman's anxiety on the subject. It has already been said, that Fanny possessed great natural abilities, her rapid progress may therefore be supposed, under such advantageous cir-

cumstances, and she soon became a brilliant proof of the skill, so justly ascribed to the preceptress of Myrtle Grove *establishment*, in bestowing polite accomplishments upon the pupils under her care. But barren is that mind, whose improvement has been confined to the study of mere ornamental acquirements: the musician, the dancer, or the paintress, however skilful in the various branches, will make but a poor wife, if she be deficient in the more solid and valuable qualities of good sense, good temper, and, above all, religion and virtue.

The softest melody cannot soothe the ear of pain, nor can the anxious eye of sorrow dwell with delight upon the graceful attitude, or highly finished picture. The knowledge of languages, though carried to the highest pitch of perfection, can suggest no comfort for afflictions,

nor strengthen the suffering mind to bear the reverse of fortune with fortitude and resignation. Such knowledge therefore may be pronounced in the words of Solomon—"Vanity of vanities," unless she who possesses it have first sought religion in the page of truth, and having found the divine precept, made that the basis on which the superstructure of refinement was reared. The accomplishments and graces which adorn virtue, may be entitled to admiration. The skill of the lapidary may call forth the brilliancy of the *diamond*, but cannot give the same lustre to the *pebble*.

All the pains bestowed upon Fanny's education, by Miss Bridgeman and her assistants, would have availed little, had not the good precepts instilled into her heart by the amiable Emily Barlowe, given solidity to her principles. Piety is a natural

feeling of the youthful heart, and only requires some skilful hand to call forth its latent energies, and give them their proper bias. Emily Barlowe had been instructed by her father in the principles of religion; and her youthful heart glowed with the fervor of genuine piety. With what rapture did the amiable instructress awaken, in the docile mind of her beloved Fanny, the first conceptions of the Deity, and teach her guileless lips to pronounce the first word of praise and gratitude. Then judiciously turning the mind of her pupil from the adoration of the *Creator* to the contemplation of the *creature*. Pity for the various ills inseparable from human nature, soon gave birth to charity, and the mercy she asked of God for herself, she felt ready to bestow upon her fellow mortals; not only in gifts of benevolence, but in acts of forbearance and

good will. Thus Fanny in imitation of the example Emily set before her eyes, became good-natured, patient, and forgiving, from principle; and benevolent from the irresistible feelings of her heart—

“Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclin’d.”

The superiority in virtue over the generality of her sex, to which Fanny afterwards attained, might justly be said to owe its perfection, to the early instructions of the amiable Emily, who, like a guardian angel watched the infancy of her favorite, and took the advantage of that critical season, when the human mind is fittest to receive the impression of piety, and which, like the seed time in agriculture, if once neglected cannot be retrieved. And whilst she was anxiously inculcating the principles of religion and virtue, she took especial care to irradicate every

tendency to vanity or arrogance, from which even the best dispositions are not wholly exempt.

Lord Ellincourt's presents were but too well calculated to engender pride, and the praises he always lavished upon Fanny's person every time he saw her, would inevitably have rendered her vain, had not the watchful Emily repressed the rising emotions, and by expatiating upon the precarious tenure of personal charms, exposed as they are to the ravages of sickness, and certain decay of old age; and explaining the still more uncertain duration of human attachments, she awakened in the mind of her youthful auditor, reflections that would have done honor to a girl double her number of years.

The effect Lord Ellincourt's attachment to Fanny had upon his mind, was of the most salutary kind. With the genuine spirit of paternal

affection he was frequently calculating his expences, and projecting curtailments of their extent, in order to purchase some advantage or pleasure for his darling, and to the astonishment of all the gentlemen of the turf, his lordship's stud, at Newmarket was sold off, and the destructive amusement of horse-racing abandoned within a year after he took the whim of adopting Fanny, because he had made a determination to retrench, in order to have it in his power to make a settlement upon his favorite, which resolution it was impossible to put in practice whilst he kept up such an expensive establishment, and incurred such heavy losses as generally attended his gambling ventures.

Lady Ellincourt who felt greatly pleased with the appearance of her son's reformation, gave every encouragement to his patronage of the little

orphan, and even indulged him so far, as to invite Fanny to spend a month with her during the Summer's vacation, at her country seat, which lay in Yorkshire, on an estate that had been lately purchased for her, by her agent, and was celebrated for the antique grandeur of the house and the beauty of the surrounding parks and grounds.

To this delightful retreat the happy Fanny was conveyed in Lady Ellincourt's coach, and no sooner had she entered the great hall, than she exclaimed in an ecstasy, "Oh this is Mamma Sydney's house, do let me see her?" and running forward, she made to a door opposite to her, and attempted to open it. The lock resisted her efforts. "Pray open it for me?" said the child, turning to a servant, "Mamma Sydney is in there! and I want to see her!" Lord Ellincourt, who had arrived a

few hours before his mother, now came into the hall. "What is the matter with my Fanny?" said his lordship, "what is the little girl doing there?" "I want to see Mamma Sydney," replied Fanny, "and I know she is in that room: She always used to sit there."

"Were you ever in this house before, my love," asked his lordship, astonishment painted on his countenance. "Oh yes, Papa, I used to live here, and this door, you will not open for me, is Mamma Sydney's parlour."

Lord Ellincourt ordered a servant to enquire for the key of the room, and turning to Fanny, he said, "Your Mamma Sydney cannot be in that room, for you see it is locked." Fanny stood in the utmost agitation whilst the key was fetched, but appeared too much struck to speak a word. In the mean time Lady Ellin-

court, who had been speaking to her steward relative to some alterations that had been lately made, came up to see what had arrested the attention of her son and Fanny. When she was informed of the child's assertion respecting the house, "some resemblance, I suppose," said her ladyship, "between this and the house where she formerly resided, but this could not be her Mamma Sydney's house, because the estate belonged to a Mr. Hamilton, who had resided abroad some years before his death, and I purchased it of his heir. The place had not been inhabited from the time Mr. Hamilton went abroad, as its delapidated condition plainly proved, at the time I took possession of it, about two years ago." At this moment the servant brought the key, and the door was opened; Fanny ran into the room, but presently returned, with a sorrowful

countenance. "Mamma Sydney is not there," said she, her eyes full of tears, "I wonder where she is gone." "Are you sure this is the room where your Mamma Sydney used to sit?" asked Lady Ellincourt. "Oh yes, Ma'am," replied Fanny, "see here is her work table!" and the child going up to the fire-place, raised a bracelet that seemed made for the convenience of holding a candlestick or book, for any body who chose to sit close to the fire. "Mamma Sydney used to put her work bag upon this, when she was working, and when she was doing nothing, her snuff box used to stand upon it," said Fanny, "and sometimes a book; and when she had done reading, she would put her spectacles into the middle of the book, and lay it down, and say to me, come *puss*, you must divert me *now*."

Both Lord and Lady Ellincourt

were very much struck with an account so distinctly given of an event so remote, and her ladyship said she would inquire the particulars relative to the former inhabitants of her mansion, and endeavour, if possible, to elucidate the mystery.

Fanny was now led about the spacious rooms, and long galleries that distinguished the noble dwelling, by her beloved "*Papa*," and every now and then expressed her delight at the discovery of some old acquaintance, either in the rooms or their furniture, and her recollection of trivial circumstances was so clear, that, notwithstanding all the evidence that appeared to contradict the probability of Fanny's having been formerly an inmate of Pemberton Abbey, neither Lord Ellincourt nor his mother could divert their minds of the belief that her account was correct.

Every inquiry was made amongst the tenantry, likely to elucidate the mystery, but to little purpose; their answers corresponded uniformly when composed together;—no lady of the name of Sydney had resided in that house, or its vicinity, nor did they believe that Pemberton Abbey had been inhabited by any body besides the servants, who were left in care of it, since the departure of Mr. Hamilton, until it was purchased by Lady Ellincourt, a period of several years.

This was told Fanny; but she still persisted in her assertion, nor could any argument, for a moment, shake her opinion, or make her waver in her story. Of her removal from Pemberton Abbey, she could give but a very imperfect account, she remembered having been in a carriage a long time, but whither she was carried, or by whom, she could

not tell ; all she knew perfectly, was that her Mamma Sydney did not go with her, and that the lady, with whom she staid for some days before she was left at Miss Bridgeman's, was very cross to her.

A wide field was here opened for conjecture, and Lord and Lady Ellincourt were left to wander in it, as all their efforts to obtain any light upon the subject failed of effect. A circumstance which occurred just before Fanny's return to school, served to increase the perplexity of their minds, and to raise their curiosity to a pitch of impatience, very ill-suited to the suspense they were obliged to endure.

The apartment little Fanny slept in, was in the same gallery as Lady Ellincourt's, and divided from that room by a small chamber, which was occupied by her ladyship's woman : the screams of poor Fanny one

night, awakened Lady Ellincourt from a sound sleep, and starting from her bed, the amiable Lady threw on her dressing gown, and ran to the assistance of her favorite. Mrs. Parsons, her woman, was there before her, and was supporting the terrified child in her arms.

“What is the matter?” exclaimed Lady Ellincourt, “my dear Fanny, what is the matter?” “Mamma Sydney has been here; she came and looked at me, and when I spoke to her she ran away and would not answer.” “You have been dreaming, my love,” said Lady Ellincourt.—“No, indeed, Ma’am, I was wide awake,” replied the child, “I heard her open my door, and saw her come up to the bed, with a candle in her hand, and she looked so angry when I spoke to her, that she frightened me out of my wits. Pray, dear Lady Ellincourt, call her back, and beg

her not to be angry with me.” “My dear child,” answered her ladyship, “this is mere fancy, I assure you. Nobody *could* come into your room without being heard by Parsons.” “I heard nothing, I assure your ladyship,” said Mrs. Parsons, “until Miss Fanny screamed out, and I was not asleep, for I had been indulging myself with a book.”

It was with great difficulty that Lady Ellincourt succeeded in pacifying the terrified Fanny, who lay trembling, and in the greatest agitation. “The poor child has been frightened through a dream,” said the compassionate Lady, “so take her into my bed, Parsons, she shall not be left alone again to-night, or her nerves may suffer severely.” Mrs. Parsons obeyed her lady’s commands, and Fanny was so delighted at being permitted to sleep with her dear benefactress that she forgot her terror, and her

tears, and gave way to such emotions of joy, that Lady Ellincourt was sensibly affected, by a proof of attachment so unquestionably exquisite.

The next day, however, Fanny persisted in her assertion, that she had really seen her Mamma Sydney; nor could all Lady Ellincourt's dissertations on the strength of the imagination, during the influence of dreams, avail any thing; the child still insisted that she was wide awake when the figure of Mamma Sydney had appeared before her, and that the noise of some door opening had awakened her. "It seemed," said she, "as if a door had been forced open, that had been long shut, for it made a bursting noise." "There is only the door that leads from Parson's room to yours," replied Lady Ellincourt, "and that you know stood open, you must therefore have

been mistaken, my dear Fanny.” Fanny shook her wise head: “I cannot tell *how* it could be,” said she, “but I am sure it *was* as I say.”

The room in which Fanny slept was panelled with cedar-wood, which was carved in the most curious manner, and had no doubt been esteemed a *chef-d'œuvre* of workmanship, at the time the house was built. The child's obstinacy respecting the person she had seen, impressed Lady Ellincourt's mind so strongly, that she sent for a carpenter to examine the wainscot, with the most scrupulous exactness, in order to ascertain whether there were any secret entrance to the apartment.

The scrutiny, however, produced nothing to elucidate the mystery, the man declared the partitions perfectly sound, and asserted that it was an utter impossibility that they should conceal any way of entering

the room impervious to his minute investigation. This satisfied Lady Ellincourt; and she returned to her first opinion—i. e. That Fanny had been misled by a dream; and the circumstance was soon forgotten by the child, as no recurrence of the same terror could happen, as her joy at sleeping with Lady Ellincourt, had endeared her so much to that lady that she was permitted to remain the partner of her bed during her stay at Pemberton Abbey, from whence she was conveyed to school, at the expiration of the vacation.

The Christmas following the Miss Barlowe's left Miss Bridgeman's, and poor Fanny lost her best friend in her beloved Emily; her sorrow was somewhat assuaged, however, by an unexpected event. Mr. and Mrs. Barlowe had come to England, to fetch their daughters, and the health of the latter was so delicate that it

was judged necessary to her recovery to breathe her native air for some time ; she determined therefore to stay a year in England, and thus Emily Barlowe had frequent opportunities of visiting her dear Fanny, as Mr. Barlowe entered into his daughter's feelings respecting the child, with all the warmth of benevolence natural to his disposition. The high patronage the little orphan now enjoyed rendered all pecuniary aid unnecessary ; but Mr. Barlowe knew enough of the world, to believe that, notwithstanding *present* appearances, there might come a day when poor Fanny might find that friendship is no *inheritance*.

“ If Lord Ellincourt should neglect to make any settlement upon his adopted child,” said the good gentleman, “ life is a precarious tenure, and how soon may the sweet girl be exposed to the frowns of a cruel world,

or, indeed, what is still worse, to the various snares which are constantly spread for indigent beauty, by the remorseless panders of oppulent depravity.”

“Surely,” replied Emily, to whom this speech was addressed, “surely Papa, Lord Ellincourt will not be so cruel as to leave the dear child unprovided for. His lordship seems so very fond of her that I should think such a thing impossible.”

“Lord Ellincourt is a very young man,” answered Mr. Barlowe, “and besides that, a very thoughtless one. I don’t believe, by what I hear of him, that he ever did a good thing in his life, before he patronised Fanny. Such men as he think little about death, although there is certainly no situation which is more exposed to mortality, than that of a true votary of fashion, since should their necks escape the perils of cha-

*rioteering*—their health the intemperate excesses of midnight revels—their lives lie at the mercy of every reprobate with whom they associate, for should he chuse to call them out for any frivolous offence, whether fancied or real, the imperious laws of honor forbid them to decline the combat: yes, such is the inverted order of things, that he who has dared to blaspheme his God in his common conversation, who has infringed the sacred rights of humanity, upon the slightest temptation, and who has trampled, in their turn, every law, human and divine, as they opposed the gratification of his inordinate passions, such a man, I say, will tremble to act in opposition to the self-created law of the *Moloch* of these days, at whose shrine modern idolators still sacrifice their children without remorse or contrition.”

If Mr. Barlowe had *merely* rea-

soned upon the subject of Fanny's precarious situation, little merit could have been arrogated for such a negative proof of his regard for her, but that worthy gentleman had not so much of the Pharisee in his composition; he never discussed any subject, either moral or divine, without acting up to the principles he professed, and in this instance he went even farther than common bounds of benevolence, for he provided for a contingency which appeared perfectly imaginary to every eye but his own.

Before Mr. Barlowe left England he vested five hundred pounds in the funds, in the name of Fanny, and appointed a trustee to apply it to her use, in case any thing should happen to render such an assistance necessary. As Fanny had no surname Mr. Barlowe had described her actual residence at the time of the donation,

and other circumstances proper to identify her, with a precision that proved his anxiety for her welfare, and his own kind heart, beyond the possibility of a doubt. The friend to whom the trust was confided, was charged, too, to give immediate notice, by letter, to Mr. Barlowe should any accident happen to place Fanny in circumstances of necessity, as the generous gift was intended merely as a prelude to his farther bounty, in case of such an event, as it had always been Mr. Barlowe's intention to indulge his daughter's wish of adopting the pretty orphan, if it could be done without prejudice to her favorite, and although Lord Ellincourt's bounty superseded that intention for the present, Mr. Barlowe still cherished the idea that the scheme might yet become both practicable and agreeable to all parties.

The amiable heart of the gentle

Emily felt the most grateful impression of her father's kindness; yet still she found it impossible to believe any thing that militated against the exalted opinion she had formed of Lord Ellincourt's goodness. The benevolence his lordship had evinced for her favorite, in that trying moment when her own heart was nearly broken, at finding herself powerless in her cause, had first recommended him to her favor, the *agremens* of a handsome person and highly-finished manners had completed the conquest, and the gentle Emily had bestowed her affection beyond the power of recalling them, upon the unconscious Ellincourt, before she even suspected such a thing was possible.

A Father's anxious eyes had penetrated the guarded secret of her bosom, by them he had seen his daughter twice in Lord Ellincourt's com-

pany, he had observed too, with equal precision, that his lordship's ideas had never wandered towards the love-sick Emily, and his prudence suggested an immediate separation. It was this conviction, too, that had induced him to dwell with such force upon the general depravity of *fashionable* men, in his conversation with his daughter, which has just been related, hoping that his just strictures upon the manners of the great, would tend to weaken her partiality for Lord Ellincourt. But, alas! when the poet's described love as a blind deity, they ought to have added—that he was *deaf* also, and that his votaries were generally subject to the same infirmities.

Emily Barlowe had been accustomed to believe her father's opinion infallible, but on this occasion she either did not *hear* them, from the

reason above-mentioned, or they failed in the usual effect.

The year allotted for Emily Barlowe's stay in England, soon glided away, and the mournful hour arrived that was to tear her from dear England—her tenderly-beloved Fanny—and from the contemplation of that admired countenance, whose smile never failed of imparting delight, and whose frown gave the thrill of anguish to her heart.

Fanny was at Lady Ellincourt's house, on a visit, at the time of the Barlowe's departure, and as Emily was a particular favorite with her ladyship, she was invited to spend the last week of her stay in London, under the same roof with her *favorite*. This was a dangerous indulgence to the tender girl, who had now an opportunity of more frequently meeting with *another favorite*, not so congenial to her happi-

ness as the blooming Fanny. Lord Ellincourt had always thought Emily Barlowe a sweet girl, and felt grateful to her for her kindness to Fanny, but he was too much accustomed to the boldness of modern ladies, whose beauty demands rather than wins admiration, to be easily charmed by unobtrusive merit, and soft feminine loveliness, veiled by the shade of genuine modesty.

His lordship felt surprised therefore to find what a charming girl he had so long regarded with indifference, when a more social intercourse displayed those attractions to his notice, which had been hitherto concealed by the amiable diffidence of the lovely possessor. "Upon my honor," said his lordship, the morning after Emily's departure, "upon my honor I should have been desperately in love with Emily Barlowe, if she had staid a little longer.

Where the devil did she hide all her powers of charming so long? Most young ladies are to be known now a-days, by conversing with them two or three times; at least all that is *agreeable* in them; but this lovely creature seems to rise in one's estimation every time one converses with her, and I swear I have never examined her blushing countenance of late, without discovering some beauty unobserved before, yet which appeared too striking to be overlooked by any, but an insensible. Can you tell me, my dear mother, the reason of this late discovery?"

Lady Ellincourt smiled. "The reason, my dear Edmund, lies in your own breast, where a growing partiality has beautified its object, and discovered charms impervious to any other vision." "What do not *you* admire Emily then?" asked Lord Ellincourt. "I *do* most sincerely."

answered her ladyship, "but so I *always* did ; I find no *new* beauties, she always appeared to me a lovely girl, both in mind and person."

"I wish you had said before, that you thought her so," replied Lord Ellincourt, with a thoughtful look.

Lady Ellincourt smiled. "I never wished to direct your choice Edmund," said she, "but if it had fallen on Miss Emily Barlowe, I certainly should have started no objection ; her fortune is large, and her family unexceptionable : but she is *gone*, and you must endeavour to forget her."

"That is impossible," replied his Lordship, whose imagination had grown warm, in discussing the subject, "I can *never* forget the charming Emily, and I have a great mind to follow her to Jamaica." "Take a little time for consideration," said Lady Ellincourt, the fit *may* go off,

a lover's *eternity* is not of long duration—sometimes.” “ You treat the matter lightly, my dear mother,” said Lord Ellincourt, “ but depend upon it you will find I am serious; in the meantime, I am glad to find this alliance does not come within the censure of ill-assorted matches, which I remember you once seriously warned me against—apropos you said there was a melancholy instance in our family, of the folly of such marriages, I wish you would tell me the *long story*, as you styled it, I feel an inclination for such an indulgence will you grant it me?”

“ With pleasure, my dear Edmund,” replied Lady Ellincourt, “ when we have time to get to the end of it, which is not the case now. This evening, however, I shall be at your service. Fanny is to return to Myrtle Grove this morning, her young companions will console her

better than I can, for the loss she has sustained, or at least make her forget her sorrow, for that is the only remedy at her age." Lord Ellincourt said, "he would accompany his mother in her morning drive, and assist in taking their mutual favorite to school."

Fanny was now in her eleventh year, and beautiful as an angel. There was such an expression of innocence and sweetness in her countenance, that it was impossible not to love her; and although the tints of the rose, the lily, the violet, and the carnation, combined to render her complexion lovely, it was the emanation of her heavenly mind that gave that brilliancy to her countenance, which rendered it truly dazzling. Lord Ellincourt contemplated his lovely ward, as he sat opposite to her in his mother's barouche, and he was more than ever struck with

her exquisite beauty. That sweet girl, thought he, must be protected with unceasing vigilance, or she will fall a sacrifice to some of the wretches, her uncommon loveliness will not fail to attract around her. But, although Lord Ellincourt felt the necessity of protecting Fanny, he neglected the surest method of doing so, and thereby verified Mr. Barlowe's opinion of him, that he was a *thoughtless* as well as a *young* man.

We will now, however, set down Fanny at Miss Bridgeman's, and jumping over a few hours, or *killing* them by any *fashionable* device, bring our Readers to Lady Ellincourt's fire-side: where her ladyship on one side and her son on the other, they may listen to our next chapter, which contains

## CHAPTER IV.

  
*A Long Story.*

“MY Father,” said Lady Ellincourt, “was, you know, the Marquis of Petersfield, but at the time even of his coming of age, there was very little probability of his ever attaining to that dignity, as he was only a very distant branch of the Trentham family, and no less than *thirteen* living claimants, besides the chance of their having children stood between him and the title, yet such is the mutability of all human tenures, that, notwithstanding these opposing obstacles, my father became Marquis of Petersfield by the

time he was eight-and-thirty. He was then a widower, with two children—my dear lamented brother and myself, happy would it have been for us had he never been induced to re-enter the pale of wedlock! My father had doated on my mother, and he transferred his affections to her children, when she was borne from him by a premature death—Never was a fonder parent, a more indulgent friend, than he always approved himself to us, whilst we were so happy as to share his love between us.

“ My brother was nearly three years older than I was, and the most perfect friendship existed between us from the first dawn of reason. My beloved Seymour was of so sweet a disposition that he made it his study to render me happy, and the little superiority he had over me, in point of age, rendered him at once my in-

structor and playmate. At the time of my father's second marriage, I had just attained my fourteenth year, and Seymour was seventeen.

“ The lady selected for our mother-in-law, was every way my father's inferior, both as to rank and fortune; being merely the daughter of a subaltern officer, who had been educated as half-boarder at a school of repute, and from thence attained to the employment of governess to two over-grown girls of fashion, whose ill-judging mother had engaged Miss Henderson to relieve her from the irksome task of *entertaining* her daughters, for *instruction* had been long out of the question with the pupils committed to her care. The eldest, Miss Howard was seventeen, at the time Miss Henderson entered Lady Howard's family, and the youngest considerably turned of fifteen.

“The girls were coheiresses, and perfectly aware of their approaching independence, their fortunes were to be at their own disposal, the very day of their coming of age.

“Miss Henderson was artful enough to consult her own interest, rather than the improvement of her pupils, she accordingly indulged their most capricious fancies, and entered into their most unreasonable projects with a degree of patient perseverance, that succeeded in rendering her indispensable to their happiness. This was just what Miss Henderson had intended, and she exulted in the success of her schemes. Instead of being dismissed when her pupils were presented, as is usual with governesses in general, Miss Henderson was retained as their *companion*, with an increased salary, that she might be enabled to visit with them, in a style of elegance

suitable to the appearance of the ladies she accompanied. This much wished-for intercourse with the fashionable world, introduced Miss Henderson to my father, and her ambition was fired with the hopes of obtaining his notice as a lover, which hopes were afterwards, but too fatally realized, for the welfare of my unfortunate brother and myself. Miss Henderson was the epitome of every thing that is hateful in woman—artful, designing, and insatiably ambitious.

In the subordinate station she had hitherto filled, it had been necessary for her to display the most unvarying complaisance. She had appeared therefore to my father's infatuated fancy a gentle timid creature, whose diffidence and unassuming modesty, veiled half the perfections of her mind; and he exulted in the thought of bestowing upon his children a

mother-in-law, who would be as solicitous for their welfare, as he was himself. Unhappy delusion ! which cost him but too dear ! No sooner was Miss Henderson raised to the rank of Marchioness of Petersfield than all her complaisance, her humility, and her gentleness, vanished like the fading meteor.

“ The most haughty airs, the most intolerable caprice, were instantly displayed by the new-made peeress, and *felt* by every unfortunate creature who came within the circle of her power. To my brother she took the most inveterate dislike, from the first week of her marriage, and *Lord Durham's* extravagance, and *Lord Durham's* idleness, the unformed rudeness of his manners, soon became the unfailing theme of her invective. Whilst he was at home the poor youth never enjoyed a moment's respite from her malice ; and when

he returned to college, his bills were censured, his allowance curtailed, and every vexatious torture inflicted upon him, which cruelty could invent, or ingenuity devise. To me she was more indulgent, for she felt not the same jealousy of *my* existence, which disturbed her with regard to my brother.

“ She was ambitious of becoming the MOTHER, as well as the *wife*, of a Marquis, and the birth of a son a year after her marriage, rendered her more formidably malicious to Lord Durham, than she had ever been before. At the age of nineteen my dear brother was sent abroad, to give that necessary finish to polite education, which used to be acquired by visiting the different Courts of Europe, but which has been impracticable ever since French anarchy has convulsed every European state with war and faction. The evening before his de-

parture, the amiable youth was in my dressing room, passing the last few hours of his stay in the paternal mansion, with the only person who appeared to lament his departure. My father's affection had long been weaned from him, by the artifices of his cruel mother-in-law.

“ ‘My dear Caroline,’ said Lord Durham, pressing my hand as he spoke, ‘I am, at this moment, labouring under an affliction of which your gentle breast has no idea. The pangs I feel at parting from my sweet sister are severe, indeed; but what will she say, when I assure her that there exists *another dear one*, from whom I cannot tear myself without feelings of agony, nothing inferior to those which part the soul and body!’ ‘Good heavens!’ exclaimed I, ‘what means my dearest Seymour?’ ‘I mean,’ replied the sweet youth, ‘that I have undone myself by my impru-

dence, and that I have involved the most amiable of her sex in my ruin—I am married!’ ‘Married?’ repeated I, ‘and to whom?’ ‘To an angel,’ rejoined he, wringing his hands in agony. ‘Oh, Caroline, your heart will bleed for her, when you know her.’ ‘Have you never hinted your situation to my father?’ enquired I, trembling as I spoke, for I perceived such a wildness in my brother’s looks that it alarmed me beyond expression. ‘I never touched upon the subject but once,’ answered he, ‘and then I was silenced in a manner too decisive to admit of my again-renewing it.’

“ ‘But who is the lady?’ said I, ‘you forget my anxiety, for I am sure you would not trifle with it.’ ‘You know Lady Emily Hlinchinbroke?’ ‘I do,’ replied I, ‘but surely it is not *her*, the daughter of my father’s deadly foe, the man who

would have deprived him of life ?' ' It is, it is,' exclaimed Seymour, in an agony of grief, ' ah why did I ever behold her face ? Why was I ever taught the inestimable value of an affection that has undone me ?' But I will no longer keep you in suspense ; the mournful story is a short one:—

“ ‘ I became acquainted with the fascinating Emily, whilst on a visit to Lord Riversdale, her maternal uncle, whose son has always been my most intimate friend at College ; the attachment was mutual, and I really believe its violence was increased by the certainty that it never could be approved by our parents. A secret correspondence has been carried on these two years between us, and at length, in a fit of desperation, it was determined that we should be asked in church, and married, as we were both under age we could not be

united by an other means. This plan was the suggestion of Henry Poulet, Lord Riversdale's son, who has been our confidant from the beginning of our attachment. In a fatal hour we both acceded to it. Emily was on a visit at Lord Riversdale's, in Berkeley Square, and as I visited there every day, with the freedom of a son, the unfortunate scheme was but too easily accomplished.

“ ‘ It is now about five months since we were united, and already have we deeply repented our imprudent rashness, and yet our repentance does not originate in decay of affection, far from it, our love is more tender, more ardent than ever ; but, alas ! we see too plainly the fatal consequences of our impatience. My own sufferings would be nothing in my eyes, were it not for those entailed upon my Emily. Oh that any selfish gratification should have in-

duced me to fill that heart with sorrow, that beats only for me!! The secret has hitherto been kept inviolable, and I believe unsuspected, but that security is at an end, for Lord Somertown has fixed upon a husband for his daughter, and she has received notice to prepare herself for the event. The rich Marquis of Alderney is his intended son-in-law. Emily entreats me to leave her to the developement of our unhappy secret, and assures me that she considers it a fortunate circumstance that I am about to leave England, as she thinks her father's anger will cool sooner when he feels the impossibility of wreaking it upon me; but these arguments have little weight with a heart so anxious as mine, and I would rather brave his utmost fury than leave my angel, Emily, to encounter the slightest share of his resentment. I have done every thing in my power

to delay my journey, but nothing can avail me to protract my departure any longer, unless I make a premature discovery, which must inevitably prove fatal to us both. I am constrained therefore to abandon her my soul holds dearest upon earth, at the moment she stands most in need of my support.

“ ‘ All our hopes rest upon some accidental rupture of the marriage treaty, between Lord Somertown and the Marquis of Alderney. If Emily could but remain unmolested until I am of age, every thing would be well. Henry Poulet has promised to give me notice should any violent step be taken with my Emily, that I may fly to her succour; for what barriers could prevent me from returning, if her danger called for my protection? No impediment that seas, rocks, or mountains can present, could for an instant intimidate

a mind absorbed as mine is, by one object, dearer than life itself.'

" I listened to this recital of my brother's unfortunate story with an aching heart; too well acquainted with the animosity that existed, between Lady Emily's father and my own, to form the slightest hope of their ever being reconciled; my prophetic eye beheld in an instant the phial of vengeance poured upon their devoted heads. Lady Petersfield I knew would aggravate every thing likely to render my brother obnoxious to my father's anger, and I too plainly foresaw that the unpropitious union would not be long a secret. Yet still I thought it would be better that my brother should not be within reach of Lord Somertown's vengeance, during the first emotions of fury that would follow the fatal discovery; I therefore urged his immediate departure, and, endeavouring

to veil my own agonised feelings, I spoke the words of hope, whilst my heart trembled with terror; my faltering accents, however, but ill-ac-corded with the chearfulness I wished to inspire. Seymour wrung my hand, whilst agony was painted on his countenance. 'It is in vain, my sister, that you attempt to console me—that pale cheek—that quivering lip--and tear-fraught eye, but too plainly tell me what you think of our situation. The die is cast, and our fate is irrevocable. To heaven I commend my Emily. Ah surely innocence, such as her's, will not be forsaken! And yet why should I abandon her? No! I will stay, and brave the worst; I will this night confess my marriage to my father, and implore his protection for my adored wife, he will not, I am sure, be able to resist the eloquence of a love like mine.'

“ ‘ For Heaven’s sake,’ interrupted I, ‘ think no more of such a mad scheme, replete with instant ruin. You talk of softening my father by your eloquence ; but, oh ! tell me who shall be found sufficiently skilled in persuasion, to soothe the anger of Lord Somertown ! You are both under age, the marriage can therefore be set aside, and you may depend upon it that would be the first step her vindictive father would take, should you, by a premature discovery, put it into his power to do so. You are going abroad, when you return you will be of age. It will be easy to find an opportunity of rendering your marriage indissoluble by repeating the ceremony, and who knows what accidents may intervene during the period of your absence, that may render its renewal more propitious. Lord Somertown is not immortal, and should he die I am

sure my father's animosity would expire with him. He is too good a man to visit the sins of the father upon the innocent offspring.'

" ' True, my dear sister,' replied Lord Durham, ' but instead of the fair prospect, you endeavour to place before my eyes, suppose my Emily's stern parent should insist upon her giving her hand to another; what will become of the timid girl, unsupported as she will then be by the husband for whose sake she must brave the brutal fury of that most vindictive man?' ' Should any treaty of marriage be likely to be brought to a conclusion,' said I, ' it will then be time enough for you to return and acknowledge your marriage. I promise to take the first opportunity of getting an interview with Lady Emily, I visit a lady who is intimate with her, we will then lay a plan for carrying on a correspon-

dence, and I promise you to inform you of every movement which seems likely to threaten your beloved Emily with danger.' 'Kind beloved sister!' exclaimed my brother, pressing my hand, 'I will rely on your friendship, and be guided by your advice, and believe me it is no small consolation to me, in this hour of trial, to possess a confidant so ready to sympathise in my sufferings.'

"Soon after this conversation my brother took his leave, and I passed the remainder of the night in tears and lamentations, without attempting to undress myself, or go to bed. At the peep of day I heard the carriage, that was to convey him away, come to the door. I crept to my window, and saw him step into it, attended by his tutor, the door closed upon him, and the rattling of the wheels was soon lost in distance.

I listened to the last faint sound, and throwing myself upon my bed, I exclaimed 'he is gone, I shall behold that loved face no more.' My tears nearly suffocated me, and I sank upon my pillow in an agony of woe. Alas! my words were prophetic—I saw the noble youth no more! He was doomed to fall beneath the murderous steel of an assassin! But I must not anticipate the catastrophe.

"Lord Durham was no sooner gone, than our cruel mother-in-law set every engine to work to ruin him with his father. Through the medium of a discarded servant from Lord Somertown's, she learned the secret of my brother's attachment to Lady Emily—of the marriage, however, she knew nothing, nor do I believe a suspicion of such a circumstance ever crossed her imagination. This was, however, sufficient to ex-

asperate my father, the bare idea of a connection between his son and the daughter of his implacable enemy, filled him with fury, and so artfully did his unprincipled wife work upon his irritated feelings, that he took a solemn oath never to see his son again if he persisted in his choice of Lady Emily for a wife.

“ This resolution was communicated to my unfortunate brother, in a letter from his incensed father, who imprecated the most dreadful maledictions upon his son’s head, should he dare to act in disobedience to his commands.

“ My brother was at Nice when he received this fatal mandate, and he pursued his way to Italy, with a heart nearly broken by anguish and remorse. In the meantime I had fulfilled my promise of cultivating Lady Emily’s friendship, and I often had the satisfaction of observing that

the sweet girl seemed to receive the most salutary consolation from our mutual confidence. We could not meet openly, but we enjoyed our friendly intercourse unsuspected, at the house of a third person. Poor Lady Emily's health began to decline rapidly: she became pale and thin, and the depression of her spirits seemed to increase daily; she was so urgent for me to pass as much time as possible with her, that I often went imprudent lengths to gratify her, and the consequence was that the implacable Lady Petersfield discovered our intimacy, by means of some of her spies; this was fresh food for her malice, and she did not fail to make use of it, to the destruction of the unhappy lovers.

“ Lady Emily had shewn so much firmness in her refusal of the Marquis of Alderney's addresses, that her father, who did not in the

smallest degree suspect the cause of it, had yielded to her obstinacy, and dismissed her lover. What then was his fury when he was informed by a letter from Lady Petersfield, that there was a secret correspondence carrying on between his daughter and Lord Durham. The letter was couched in terms of haughty defiance, and implied to have been written by my father's order; it contained a peremptory injunction to put a stop to the connection, or to *tremble* for the consequences.

“ No language could do justice to the rage that agitated the furious Earl, when he had read the fatal letter; he sent for Lady Emily into his presence, and so violent was the paroxysm of his anger, that he would certainly have made her its victim, by destroying her the instant she came before him, but for the timely interference of a servant, who came

to her assistance, and forcibly dragged her from her enraged father, at the peril of his own life, and conveyed her out of her paternal mansion before Lord Somertown was aware of his intention. The sweet girl lay concealed in an obscure lodging for several days, and the servant having disappeared also, the voice of scandal soon spread the report that Lord Somertown's daughter had ran off with her father's footman.

“ Lady Pertersfield took care to have several paragraphs respecting this pretended elopement, inserted in different papers, and collecting the various reports together, she made a packet of them, and sent them with Lord Durham's letters, to Florence. A letter from me, however, went by the same mail, which informed my brother of Lord Somertown's ill-treatment of Lady Emily

and her fortunate escape from his tyranny. I assured him his beloved Emily was in safe hands; and had determined to return no more to her father, as she found herself in a fair way of soon becoming a mother, and therefore knew too well the fatal consequences of such a circumstance being known to her father, to risk so dangerous a step. I endeavoured to inspire my brother with a degree of confidence I did not feel myself, but my letter produced a contrary effect, for it made him take the rash resolution of returning immediately to England.

“ His tortured mind beheld his beloved wife exposed to every danger, both from relations and strangers. Oppressed by her father, traduced by the world, and defenceless, amidst a host of enemies. The picture was too horrible to dwell upon, and without giving me any notice

of his intention, the unfortunate youth set out on his retrograde journey. In the meantime every effort was made by Lord Somertown to discover the retreat of his daughter, but without success; she still eluded his diligence, and was so fortunate as to reach the house of a generous friend who had determined to run all risks for her sake, without any suspicion being awakened amongst the numerous spies who were upon the watch to detect her movements; as soon as I was informed of this lucky circumstance, I wrote the pleasing news to my brother, little imagining that he was on his way to England, regardless of danger and impatient of delay.

“ At this time my father removed his family to the country for the summer, and I was under the necessity of accompanying him; this was a cruel trial to me, as I found it very

difficult to obtain any intelligence of Emily, as it was impossible to write to her by direct means, and the tedious methods I was forced to adopt, rendered my suspense and anxiety intolerable. At length the agreeable news reached me that she had given birth to a daughter, and was in a fair way to do well.

“ How did I exalt at that moment in the pleasing reflection that the sweet infant had escaped the fury of Lord Somertown, from whose vindictive rage I felt the most dreadful apprehensions. Alas ! I had but little time for exultation, as a very few days only elapsed before the deepest sorrow overwhelmed me, in the premature death of the most amiable of brothers. Lord Durham had pursued his journey to England with such unremitting diligence that he arrived in London, before I thought it probable he had received my letter.

“ Disappointed at not finding me in town, he wrote to me in haste to inquire the retreat of his beloved Emily. This letter, by one of those unlucky chances that too frequently occur in clandestine proceedings, fell into the hands of our implacable mother-in-law.

“ Lord Durham’s hand-writing was well known to her, and as the London post-mark struck her eye, her fertile imagination presented the possibility of my brother’s return to England, on Lady Emily’s account. Lady Petersfield had no idea that the unhappy pair were already united, but supposed that Lord Durham had been brought back by Emily’s entreaties, that the union might be cemented. There was nothing Lady Petersfield dreaded more than my brother’s marrying, and she naturally concluded, as he was so much attached to Lady Emily, if she could

but prevent that marriage, there would be little danger of his making another choice. Full of these ideas therefore, the cruel woman carried my brother's letter to my father, without breaking the seal, and imparting her sentiments to him, upon the subject, left it to his own option whether he would read it or not. My father did not hesitate a moment, but tearing open the fatal letter, he soon became master of the carefully-concealed secret.

“ Good Heavens! what a scene followed! I was sent for by my enraged parent, and loaded with every epithet anger could dictate or passion utter! In accents scarcely articulate from fury, he demanded the place of Lady Emily's retirement, and swore he would not only disinherit, but instantly renounce me, if I refused to satisfy him on that head. His threats had, however, no other

effect than that of determining me to keep the secret inviolable. ‘Oh! my father,’ said I, throwing myself on my knees before him, ‘oh! my father, spare your unhappy daughter, and tempt her not to betray confiding friendship. I have solemnly sworn not to reveal to any one the retreat of my unhappy sister, and I cannot break the sacred vow, though you were even cruel enough to fulfil your dreadful threats, and crush me beneath the weight of your vengeance.’

“ ‘Begone from my presence, serpent,’ said my father, ‘begone, or I shall curse thee! How soon does a girl, when she is made the confidant of a romantic love story, lose all sense of duty, all shame of acting rebelliously to her parents. You talk of friendship with your father’s bitter enemy, and would prefer wounding his heart, to the un-

pardonable crime of betraying this highly-prized friend. But call her not your sister, at your peril give her not that name. She is not—she cannot be that—no marriage can be good which is contracted by a minor, and I will take care your brother shall have no opportunity of renewing the contract. Begone to your apartment, girl, and in that retirement endeavour to recall to your perverted mind some sense of filial duty. I forbid you to leave your room until I withdraw the prohibition, and if you value your brother's happiness, attempt not to write to him.'

"I obeyed my father's harsh mandate in silence, and retired slowly to my room, where I had the mortification of finding myself constantly attended, and closely watched by Lady Petersfield's confidential woman—a creature who seemed to bear an in-

structive hatred both to my brother and myself.

“ In the mean time my father wrote to Lord Durham, and informed him that having come to the knowledge of his most unpardonable misconduct, in attaching himself to Lady Emily, he offered him his pardon, on one condition only, namely to return immediately to the Continent, without attempting to see the object of his imprudent choice. ‘All efforts to obtain an interview,’ added my father, ‘will prove ineffectual, and only serve to expose you to my just resentment, as Lady Emily is now in her father’s house, where I hope she will recover a proper sense of her duty, and no longer endeavour to seduce you from yours.’

“ The receipt of this letter, instead of intimidating my brother, as it was intended to do, had a contrary effect, and determined him instantly

to declare his marriage to both families, and demand his wife. Full of this resolution, he wrote a letter to his father, acknowledging his fault in having taken a step of such importance, without his sanction, but at the same time declaring that it was his fixed resolve to abide by the consequences, be they what they might, and live only for his Emily. 'I am going,' added he, 'to demand her of her cruel father, for she shall no longer remain under his tyranny.'

"The letter concluded with the most affecting entreaty for pardon, and an appeal to Lord Petersfield's parental feelings in behalf of his unfortunate son. As soon as my brother had dispatched this letter, he flew to Lord Somertown's, and requested an interview with his lordship. To his surprise he was immediately admitted. Lord Somertown

received him with haughty coldness, but without any appearance of the violence he had expected. Encouraged by this, Lord Durham entered upon an immediate explanation of his marriage with Lady Emily, and in a mild but determined manner desired to be allowed to see her.

“ ‘ Who told you she was in my house ? ’ asked Lord Somertown. ‘ My father,’ replied Lord Durham. ‘ The information is worthy the informer,’ rejoined the exasperated Earl, whose countenance now bore testimony to the rage that boiled within his bosom. ‘ I will tell you what young man,’ added he, in a voice scarcely articulate through stifled fury, ‘ I will tell you what, you have injured me beyond the reach of remedy, and I *will* have *vengeance*. Remember I tell you so. As to my daughter, she is not, nor ever shall be your wife; much sooner would I

see her expire beneath the tortures of the rack, than acknowledge such a union. Your boasted marriage is null and void, for you are both under age ; name it not again, for I will annul it.'

" ' My marriage is valid, and no power *can* annul it,' replied Lord Durham, ' we were married at our Parish Church, after having the banns published three times, in the same place, according to the form prescribed, and had you, my lord, attended public worship, as you ought to do, you would have had an opportunity of forbidding the banns, if the marriage did not meet with your approbation.'

" ' Vile traitor !' exclaimed Lord Somertown, ' begone from my presence : ' and he rang the bell for the servants to turn my brother out, which they did by force, with the most insolent brutality.

“ ‘ Remember,’ cried Lord Somertown, as the men were dragging my brother out, ‘ remember I will annul the marriage, there are more ways than one of doing it. No Trentham shall unite with my family, and *live*.’ When my brother returned home he wrote a letter to me relating all that had passed at Lord Somertown’s, and entreating me to inform him whether his Emily were, indeed, under her father’s roof.

“ My brother desired me to endeavour to soften his father in his favor, and to lend him what assistance I could, in finding his beloved wife. The writing of this letter was the last action that was known of the unfortunate youth’s life. A note had been given him, whilst he was employed in it, and as soon as he had finished it, he took his hat, and went out. His servant waited up for him, until the dawn of day, and felt great

alarm at his staying out, as it was very unusual with my brother to do so. When the porter got up, Lord Durham's valet went to bed, and having slept till nine o'clock, found his anxiety greatly increased, when he learned that his lord had not yet returned.

“ My father, on the receipt of my brother's letter, had set immediately off for London, and arrived there late the same night.

“ The house was in the utmost confusion when he alighted from his carriage, as the bleeding body of my beloved brother had just been brought into it, which had been found in Kensington Gardens, and recently owned by his affectionate valet, whose anxiety for his master's safety had led him all over the town, in search of him. The report of a wounded gentleman being found in Kensington Gardens, soon reached his ears, and he flew to the spot whi-

ther Lord Durham had been conveyed by the persons who found him, and where surgical aid had been administered in vain, for although my dear brother shewed signs of life for several hours after he was found, he never spoke nor gave the least token of sensibility, and every glimmering of hope was fled, and the last faint struggle over before poor Graham arrived, who instantly recognised his beloved master when he looked upon his lifeless corse, disfigured as it was by wounds and blood, and on searching his pockets narrowly, a note, which had escaped the notice of the first examiners, was found, which Lord Durham had received only a few minutes before he left his father's house, and which, no doubt, led him to the spot where he was murdered.

“ The hand-writing was an imitation of Lady Emily's, and the words were merely these:—‘Precisely at

five o'clock this afternoon you will find a person at Kensington-Garden Gate, who will lead you to your faithful wife.'—'Emily.'

“ A latent hope of reviving his dear lord, notwithstanding his lifeless appearance, and the opinion of the surgeon, had induced poor Graham to have my brother conveyed home, where every aid was immediately summoned, that anxiety and affection could suggest ; but human help was of no avail, the vital spark had fled, and the inanimate body was incapable of receiving succour.

“ The fatal sentence had been just pronounced by the surgeons, Graham's care had assembled, at the moment of my father's arrival. It is impossible to describe the agony of that distracted parent, when the fatal news was revealed to him. He had set out on his journey with sentiments of the most violent anger,

towards his son, and determined at all events to annul the marriage, which was the cause of his displeasure, little expecting to find it for ever set aside, by a catastrophe so fatal. The circumstances of my poor brother's being discovered were extraordinary. Two men, employed in the gardens, had heard the reports of two pistols, whilst they were at the opposite side of the gardens, they both agreed that it was a duel, and made the best of their way towards the spot the sound appeared to come from.

“ They were some time, however, before they found any thing to confirm their suspicions. As it was a rainy day no person was walking, and when they had looked, in vain, for some trace of the supposed duellists, they were about to abandon their opinion, and return to their work, when one of them stumbled over something

lying on the grass, and on stooping to examine what it was, found a pistol, this circumstance reviving their former suspicion, they made a diligent search, and soon afterwards discovered my unfortunate brother lying extended at the foot of a large tree, whose spreading branches had so darkened the spot, that the long grass concealed him, until the men were close to him. His hat was off, and lay at some distance from him, and a pistol, unloaded, lay close beside him. Some faint signs of life, that appeared on a close examination, induced the men to lift him from his cold bed, and convey him to the nearest public house, though a fear for their own safety had well-nigh deterred them from the charitable act, as the mysterious circumstances of his death rendered it but too probable that they might be suspected of murdering him. Their hu-

manity triumphed over their fears, and they acted the part of the good Samaritan. On their entrance in the public house, the men desired the landlord to examine the dear youth's pockets, when his purse was found containing a considerable sum of money, and his watch, which was a gold repeater of great value: which proved beyond a doubt that he had not been robbed.

“ From a fear of getting into trouble, the landlord of the public house, where my brother lay, had summoned the Coroner, with the utmost dispatch, and an inquest was held upon the body before it was cold. At this investigation it had been decided that the gentleman had been killed in a duel with some person unknown, as the two pistols being found at a distance from each other proved he had not put an end to his own existence, and his property be-

ing untouched was a presumptive evidence that he had not fallen by the hand of a robber. The mournful ceremony was over before the arrival of Graham, who reprobated their precipitation in the strongest terms, exclaiming ‘ That he was sure his dear master was not dead, but had only fainted through loss of blood.’

“ He had his lord removed therefore as soon as a litter could be provided, with the tenderest caution, but, as I have already related, disappointment was the sad result of all the faithful creature’s endeavours.

“ The consequence of this mournful event, was a serious fit of illness to my father, whose agonised feelings were too much for his constitution, he reproached himself incessantly with his son’s death, believing that his own severity had driven him on to his ruin ; notwithstanding the cir-

cumstance of two pistols being found at a distance from each other, my father always thought Lord Durham had killed himself, although the note found in his pocket by Graham, but too plainly pointed out the mournful truth, and left not a shadow of doubt upon my mind that my brother had been trappanned by the vile forgery, into the power of an assassin; who that assassin was has never been discovered, though I must own my suspicions rested on one person only, either as the principal. or at least the employer. My father sent for me the day after he took to his bed, and endeavoured by his tenderness to atone for the harsh manner in which he had treated me.

“ He mentioned his intentions of acknowledging Lady Durham and her infant, and sent me to the place of her concealment, with a kind message to that purport.

“ But, alas! a new sorrow was prepared for me! The retreat of the unfortunate Emily had been discovered by her implacable father, who forcibly conveyed her to one of his own mansions in a distant county. The lovely creature had refused to part with her child, who was accordingly permitted to accompany her in her banishment.

“ My father received the news of this fresh act of cruelty with real concern. He had rested his hopes of conciliating his uneasy conscience, by shewing to the beloved wife of his lamented son, the deep penitence he felt for his former cruelty, and endeavouring to atone for it by every act of tenderness her forlorn situation required. This mournful satisfaction was, however, denied him, and he took on so heavily, that his grief produced a train of disorders, which soon became fatal: he sur-

vived his son only thirteen months ; during the whole of that melancholy period, I lived totally secluded from society. Lady Petersfield endeavoured in vain to displace me from my father's sick room, I was tenacious of my post as head nurse, and as my services appeared more agreeable to my unhappy parent than any other person's, all her manœuvres were fallacious.

“ When her ladyship found I was stationary, she came less frequently into the apartment, and soon returned to her gay habits, without concerning herself about the invalid, whom she represented as a hypochondriac, to all her acquaintance. Indeed her ladyship's spirits appeared better than ever, after my dear brother's death. Her favorite point was obtained, her son was now Lord Durham. She had heard of my brother's marriage, and that there was a child,

but her indefatigable genius soon discovered that it was a daughter, and therefore not to be feared. During the whole time my father lived, I received no letter from Lady Durham, nor could I gain any access to her by all the stratagems I could devise; various and tormenting were the reports spread abroad, of that interesting creature.

“ Sometimes I heard she was in a deep decline, at others that she had *quite* recovered her health and spirits, and was about to emerge from her retirement, and become the ornament of *ton*. I dared not to mention these vague rumours to my father, whose spirits became weaker every day, and whose remorse was frequently beyond the controul of reason. At length the awful moment arrived—the agonized frame could no longer support the painful struggle—my poor father died of a broken

heart, in his forty-ninth year, and left me an isolated being, without one friend to console me. I could not remain with Lady Petersfield, the sight of her was insupportable, I therefore removed as soon as I decently could to my Aunt Morrison's, where I remained until I married Lord Ellincourt, which event took place the ensuing year.

“ The bustle of my marriage obliged me to mix more with the world, and by degrees I recovered a portion of my former spirits, yet still I heard nothing of poor Emily that was satisfactory : she never appeared in public, and I had every reason to suppose she was a close prisoner in her father's gloomy mansion in Westmorland. Seven years had elapsed without my obtaining any light upon the subject, when, one day, taking up the newspaper, I was struck by reading the following paragraph :—‘ On

Thursday died, at her father's seat in Westmorland, Lady Emily Hinchinbroke, only daughter of the Earl of Somertown: her ladyship has been long in a declining state.' I was inexpressibly shocked. 'Poor victim of implacable revenge,' said I 'thou hast then escaped from thy dreary prison! But what, alas! is become of thy offspring? The air of disclaiming her husband's title, in announcing Lady Durham's death, seemed to indicate that her child was no more.

"Eight years more elapsed before I was convinced this idea was erroneous; I then received the following words, written in a beautiful small-hand:—

"Dear Aunt,

"I have been taught to love you by the best of mothers, and I do love you with all my heart, though I

have never been so happy as to see you. My grandfather is gone to Ireland on some business, and my kind governess has promised to take me to your house, if you will condescend to receive your dutiful and affectionate Niece,”

“ EMILY TRENTHAM.”

“ I could not doubt that this letter came from my brother's child, and I was delighted beyond measure with the sweet idea of folding her to my bosom. My answer may be guessed, and the next day the sweet angel was introduced to me. I will not pretend to describe what I felt, when I beheld the most striking likeness of my injured Seymour, in the soft features of his lovely daughter. A more perfect beauty I never saw, nor a female so devoid of vanity. She seemed the very soul of affection, and capable of

interesting the sternest heart in her favor. This opinion was confirmed by her governess, who assured me that Lady Emily had so won upon her grandfather that she believed his lordship loved no other being upon earth but herself. The sweet girl could stay but a short time with me, but we often renewed the pleasure we experienced in meeting during Lord Somertown's absence.

“ These visits were, however, suspended at his return, and a letter now and then, clandestinely exchanged, was all our consolation, under the privation. I did not see the dear Emily again for two years, and then I found her every thing the fondest heart could wish, in mind and person ; but there was an air of melancholy about her that greatly distressed me, as it appeared unnatural to her ; she blushed when I questioned her, and replied that she

would some day lay open every thought of her heart, to me; but at present she must be excused. Alas! I saw her no more from that period, for about this time her cruel grandfather died, and I at first hoped, when I heard the news, that the lovely girl's emancipation would follow. In this hope I was fatally mistaken, his son and successor, the present lord, was the counterpart of his father, and seemed to consider his cruelty as much an inheritance as his estate.

“ In his hands the hapless Emily found another tyrant, and she was soon afterwards married, against her inclination it is generally thought, to a nobleman, whose name I shall not now mention, and went over with him to Ireland immediately. I am astonished she has never written to me since, although I have addressed several letters to her, supposing

that the restraint she formerly suffered, had now been agreeably changed to liberty. A murmur which has lately reached me, respecting her present situation, makes me very unhappy, but as it has not yet been confirmed, I will pass it over in silence."

"I hope, however, that my melancholy story has sufficiently impressed your mind with the truth of what I first advanced—That marriages contrary to the express prohibition of parents, are generally unhappy, and often fatal!"

## CHAPTER V.

*A Modern Bluebeard!*

“ WOULD you imagine my stupidity, my dear mother,” said Lord Ellincourt, “ I have been listening to your story with the most profound interest, because I took it into my wise head, that the *denouement* would prove *my* Fanny to be the daughter of your hero and heroine. A curious anachronism, certainly.”

“ Yes,” replied Lady Ellincourt, “ the daughter of my unfortunate brother is at least six years older than you are, and has been married several years.”

“ My sapience will be found a little more profound,” said Lord El-

lincourt, "in regard to the name of the nobleman who married that child of misfortune—I know him well."

"How is that possible?" asked Lady Ellincourt, "I am sure I never mentioned one of the personages in this mournful drama, to you before. As Lord Somertown never acknowledged my brother's marriage, with his daughter, nor would ever permit her unfortunate offspring to be called by his name. I have strenuously avoided adverting to the melancholy story, even in my own family."

"Your own family have learnt some of the particulars, nevertheless," answered Lord Ellincourt, "as I will shew you. About two months ago I received a letter from my sister, which contains a long history of the lady you allude to, and who, by the bye, is wife to the Earl of Ballafyn, the Bluebeard of Ireland. You shall read Caroline's letter."

“ Pray let me look at it directly,” said Lady Ellincourt, “ for the account I had was a very imperfect one, and I did not dare to inquire more particularly, lest I should revive a tale, which I wish to be forgotten.”

“ I never liked Lord Ballafyn,” said Lord Ellincourt, “ I have been often in his company, during his visits to England, though I little thought he was related to me. By Caroline’s account he is a monster in the form of a man, who not content with rendering an innocent woman wretched, has now taken the diabolical measure of blackening her character. I will bring the letter when I come to-morrow, but I am engaged this evening, and cannot possibly call again.”

“ You are a provoking creature,” replied Lady Ellincourt, “ for I shall be upon thorns until I read Caroline’s

letter. I wonder she never mentioned the subject to me.?"

"She knew that it would revive some disagreeable remembrances," said Lord Ellincourt, "and therefore she forebore to touch upon it. You will see her reasons, when you read her letter; for my part I did not understand to what event she alluded, until your melancholy recital explained the enigma. To curtail the endurance of your suspense, I will enclose my sister's letter to you, in a cover, as soon as I return home, and then my dear mother can indulge her curiosity immediately."

Lord Ellincourt kept his promise, and in a few hours his mother was in possession of the letter. It was as follows:—

"My dear Edmund,

"I am truly sorry to hear you do not intend visiting Ireland this year,

as I had made up my mind to expect you, and my good lord has positively assured me that he cannot afford to take me with him, when he goes to England, we shall not meet therefore for many months. I had a story, so much in the marvellous to entertain you with, had you kept your word of spending your Christmas with us, and I had intended to reserve the surprise for a Winter evening's *delasement*, but now you must have it in a letter.

“ You have frequently mentioned Lord Ballafyn's brother, Col. Ross, as one of your intimates, and therefore I dare say you are no stranger to his lordship. Whether his beautiful exterior has the power of prejudicing his *own* sex in his favor, I cannot tell, but it has had but too much success with ours. Some years ago this fascinating nobleman married one of the loveliest women Eng-

land ever produced, and brought his bride with him to Ballafyn Castle, where she was looked up to as a divinity by all the guests who were admitted to the castle.

“ Lady Ballafyn’s carriage was such as the strictest prudence joined to the most unaffected modesty, would dictate, but the melancholy that seemed to prey upon her spirits excited the sympathy of many, and the curiosity of all. This was naturally supposed to originate in the treatment she received from her husband, who, although the greatest libertine that ever entered the pale of matrimony, took it into his wise head to be jealous of her, and led her a life suitable to his liberal ideas of female chastity.

“ All this, Lady Ballafyn bore with unrepining patience, and finding that her unreasonable lord appeared displeased with the admiration she

excited, the charming Emily declined going into public as much as she possibly could.

“ Lord Ballafyn permitted his wife to return to England for her lying-in, and she passed several months in her native country after that event ; during which period her child died, and the poor lady returned to Ireland, in a state of mind bordering on melancholy, and never afterwards mixed with any company whatever. Lord Ballafyn’s visitors now consisted of gentlemen only ; and Lady Ballafyn either by her own choice, or his cruelty, inhabited an obscure corner of the castle, where her very existence was nearly forgotten.

“ It is said that she has visited England once, during one of her lord’s absences, unknown to him, and that a discovery which he lately made of that transaction, has been the cause of the cruelty with which

she has been treated within these few months. Such unheard-of barbarities were I believe never before practised, unless by his namesake *Bluebeard*, which title has been bestowed upon his lordship for his savage conduct, by all the ladies in the neighbourhood.

“ My maid assures me that the poor lady has been shut up for days together without provision, and that the monster has more than once lifted his ugly paw against her, and even dragged her by the hair of her head from one apartment to another. No person is suffered to have access to her, nor can any letter reach her hand, as she is surrounded by his creatures, and never left one moment to herself.

“ A few months ago a young man of noble mien, and with the most beautiful countenance in the world, was seen creeping about the purlieus

of the castle, and endeavoring to penetrate within its pondrous walls ; his attempts were, however, fruitless, and at last he applied himself to one of the servants, whom he endeavoured to interest in his cause, by a bribe that shewed, however, mean his apparel might be, that he was not in indigent circumstances.

“ The servant pocketed the bribe, and like many of his betters, who do the same, without the least intention of earning what he had accepted ; he listened to all the stranger had to say, and promised to obtain for him what he wished, namely—an interview with Lady Ballafyn. The hour of midnight was appointed for the meeting, and the unwary youth, trusting to his deceitful betrayer, was led into the presence of the exasperated lord ; who, after loading him with every epithet of abuse, assured him that the only means of

saving his life, was by making a full confession of his own, and Lady Ballafyn's guilt. The youth listened to the base proposal with silent contempt, and when forced by his persecutors to answer the charge, he persisted in asserting the innocence of the traduced lady, and declared that she knew not of his coming, and therefore could not be culpable, if *he* were.

“ He refused to answer any farther questions; treating the threats of his persecutors with ineffable disdain. ‘ To *die*,’ said the gallant youth, ‘ is no such mighty hardship, but to betray a trust is *impossible* to a man that thinks as *I* do.’ He was kept several days prisoner at the Castle, in order to extort some confession from him, but when Lord Ballafyn found him impervious to all his stratagems, he employed some of his myrmidons to get rid of him in a way that has

not yet been properly ascertained. Some reports say that the stranger has been sent to T—— Goal to take his trial at the next assizes, as a house-breaker: others, that he has been smuggled on board a Transport, lying at Y——— at the time, that was bound for the West Indies, whither he was sent as a recruit in a regiment going, in that ship, thither; the captain of which is a creature of Lord Ballafyn's. But my maid, who always deals in the marvellous as well as the horrific, assures me that he was thrown down the black rock, that hangs over the sea, a little distance from Ballafyn Castle, and that his ghost has been seen every moonlight night since, standing on the crag of the rock, and pointing to the restless surges beneath.

“ The people pretend that this interesting stranger resembled Lady Ballafyn so strikingly, that he might

have been supposed to be herself in man's attire.

“ It is impossible to hear stories like these with indifference ; I confess, therefore, that I have been deeply interested by this tale, particularly so, as I understand the unfortunate lady is a near relation of ours. I don't know whether you ever heard of an ill-fated marriage in our family, that caused my poor grandfather's death. My mother could tell you the sad history more perfectly than I can, but I would not have you ask it, unless she leads to it herself, for I have heard that the sad consequences of that fatal union nearly upset her reason, during the first shock she sustained.

“ Lady Ballafyn is the offspring of that marriage, and seems to inherit the misfortunes of her parents. But to return to my own ideas on the subject. My imagination, which you know my

dear brother is tolerably fertile, has formed half a score of romances out of the materials I have been able to collect, the most probable of which appears to me to resemble the pathetic tale of 'Owen of Carron; or, the Tragedy of Douglas.' The stranger must be a son of Lady Ballafyn's; by a former marriage, and having just found out who is his parent, he has experienced the fate of the artless Owen, or the more magnanimous Douglas. And my woman says that the stranger appeared too old to be the son of Lady B. and if that be true, he *must* be her lover, and her lord is not quite so culpable as we think him. And yet he said Lady Ballafyn did not expect him, nor know any thing of his coming. He might therefore be a lover, though not a favored one; and yet why did he not come before, if he meant to come at all; and if Lady B. did not

know of his coming, how could he expect she would receive him, or what end could he hope to have answered by so dangerous a step? In short I am lost in the labyrinth of conjecture, and I heartily wish you were here, Edmund, to aid my search for the clue that must lead me out of it.

“ I think it would have been a delightful feat of knight-errantry, for you to have delivered the fair lady from the claws of her persecutor, which you might have done in the character of her nearest relation. Your intimacy with Col. Ross would have gained access to the Castle for you, and your own ingenuity must have accomplished all the rest. You see what a charming plan I had laid out for your Winter's campaign, but your obstinate attachment to your own country spoils every thing. One thing I forgot, which is a material

part of my story—Lord Ballafyn has publicly reported that his lady has been guilty of infidelity, and that for that reason he chuses to immure her in solitary confinement ; he pretends that he has *detected* the crime he alledges against her, asserting that he has several letters in his possession that are irrefragable proofs of her delinquency.

“ One of his lordship’s friends ventured to ask him why he did not sue for a divorce, from a woman who reflected such dishonor upon his name. But he replied, that he knew that was what Lady Ballafyn wished, and therefore he was determined to disappoint her. This is his *ostensible* reason, but depend upon it the *real* one originates in his own evil conscience. How could a man demand justice upon his wife for a breach of faith who has a mistress in every place he inhabits ? He keeps a very

expensive lady in Dublin ; another in England ; and there is one who was his favorite before he married, who resides within the precincts of his own demesne, and this woman it is, they say, who instigates his cruelty to his suffering lady. What think you of our modern *Bluebeard* ?”

When Lady Ellincourt had perused her daughter's letter, she felt the most poignant affliction.

Some faint rumours had reached her that Lord Ballafyn had suspected his lady's fidelity ; but as no steps were taken to obtain a divorce, Lady Ellincourt gave no credit to them. The miserable truth was now but too evident ; her niece was in the hands of a cruel and abandoned libertine, and her character, and perhaps her life, would be sacrificed to gratify the malice and revenge of his depraved mistress. The sweet creature

appeared destitute of friends to espouse her cause, and therefore wholly at the villain's mercy !

“ Oh ! my brother,” exclaimed Lady Ellincourt, clasping her hands in agony, “ my beloved brother, the sufferings of thy innocent offspring awakens in my mind the sad remembrance of thy cruel death. The wounds of my heart are torn open, and bleed a-fresh, and I am still the same powerless creature, as when weeping thy misfortunes, I can only *lament* ; to *remedy* is not within the compass of my power !”

## CHAPTER VI.

*Correspondence.*

WHEN the first emotions of Lady Ellincourt's sorrow had subsided, she sat down to write to her daughter. Her letter contained a gentle reprimand for not immediately informing her of the mournful situation of her beloved niece, and requested her never to spare her feelings, in future, at the expence of her humanity. "I know," added she, "that I am a poor powerless creature, as to any thing *I* can do, but my mind suggests a measure which may, perhaps, be adverted to with success.

"Cannot you, my dear-*Caroline*,

find some generously-disinterested person who could be persuaded to write to Lord Somertown, and state the actual situation of his niece. I have been told he is very fond of her, and I think if he knew how she is treated, he would find some means to redress her wrongs.

“ The notice must not come from our family, or how readily would I fly to acquaint him with her peril ; for my anxiety for my poor Emily would supersede every feeling of resentment in my bosom, and force me to act in concert with my bitterest enemy, so that her welfare appeared likely to result from such a coalition. I understand that Lord Somertown resides constantly now at his seat in Yorkshire, a prey to the most profound melancholy. I fear there is but too much cause for such a disposition. Reflection to a mind like his must be exquisite torture.

Surely he will be glad of something to rouse him from the torpor of despair, and force him to exert all the energy he possesses in behalf of his suffering niece."

In answer to this letter Lady Ellincourt received the following from her daughter :—

" The object of your solicitude, my dearest mother, is no longer an inhabitant of this cruel world ! Lady Balafyn had been dead a fortnight when your letter reached me. I wonder you have not seen it announced in the English papers.

" Innumerable reports are spread about, here, concerning this event. Many people assert that her ladyship met an untimely death by poison, administered to her by her cruel ord. Of this number Mrs. Flynn, my woman, is the most devout be-

liever, for she has seen there people who have seen Lady Ballafyn's ghost all in white, upon the crag of the rock, where her lover appeared sometime ago. 'And what, my lady, could take her ladyship's ghost there, you know, if she had come fairly by her death?' This is Flyn's creed, and the whole bench of bishops could not turn her from it, were they to try.

"Other people assert that Lady B. has made her escape to England, and that it was only a log of wood that was so pompously interred, a few days ago, and that my lord's reason for choosing to believe her dead, is because he intends marrying the woman he has kept so long, and making her as good as a great many more ladies who wear coronets, and came by them in the same manner. But for my part I must confess that I am a convert to neither opinion, for I think it ex-

tremely natural that a person of a delicate frame, like Lady Ballafyn, should sink under the pressure of ill-treatment and confinement, particularly as she had had not one sympathising bosom to whom she could impart her sorrows—I only wonder she has lived so long.

“ I hope my dearest mother’s excellent sense will suggest the best consolation to her. The death of Lady Ballafyn is the emancipation of a wretched slave, and ought to be hailed with joy, instead of lamentation.

“ That she was innocent I don’t entertain a doubt, and in that case what an exchange is hers ! Sinking as she was beneath accumulated sorrow and distress, both of body and mind. She is now translated to the fullness of glory and happiness for ever more.”

Lady Ellincourt's mind was relieved from the tortures of suspense and anxiety, by the mournful news conveyed to her in her daughter's letter, and her agitated feelings gradually sunk into the calm of settled melancholy. The last vestige of her beloved brother was now extinct, and his name for ever blotted out. The sweet offspring of that unhappy marriage had terminated her youthful career in a manner no less wretched than her parents had done before her: but she could now suffer no more, and fear subsided with hope, in the heart of Lady Ellincourt.

Lord Ellincourt beheld, with real concern, the havoc grief was making on the delicate frame of his indulgent mother, and he used his utmost endeavour to divert her melancholy. The society of the engaging Fanny seemed to promise the best antidote.

to the gloom that was creeping over her. Lord Ellincourt intreated his mother therefore to take the child from school, and by making her the constant inmate of the house, insure to herself the comfort of a companion, whose intrusions on her privacy would be optional.

Lady Ellincourt approved of the scheme, and Fanny was installed in her new abode before another week had elapsed, to the almost uncontrollable joy of the lively girl, who thought she could never sufficiently express her gratitude to her *dear dear mamma*, as she now styled Lady Ellincourt, for a favor as delightful as it was unlooked for. That Fanny might be no loser by the removal, Lady Ellincourt determined to engage an accomplished governess to complete the education of her darling under her own roof.

Miss Bridgeman who just at that

period was wishing to get rid of her dear Dawson, recommended that lady as the fittest person she knew to fill up the important station.

Lady Ellincourt approved the measure, and Mrs. Dawson became the *governante* of *Fatherless Fanny*, assuming as much importance upon the occasion, as if she had been appointed to the tuition of the first princess in the known world.

It is necessary in this place to mention that soon after the Lady Trenthams left school, the amiable Lady Maria became the wife of the *far from amiable* Col. Ross, whose pleasing exterior had beguiled her of her heart, before she was aware that she had one; and whose large fortune, and high family rendered him agreeable to the Marquis of Petersfield as a son-in-law, particularly as there appeared to be a fair chance of the family title and estate of Ballafyn

centring in that gentleman, as his brother had been married many years without having an heir, and the rumours that had reached the Marquis respecting Lady Ballafyn's supposed infidelity, rendered it but too probable his lordship would never marry again.

During the ensuing five years of Fanny's life, little occurred to vary the scene. She was the cherished companion of her kind benefactress, and the still undiminished favorite of Lord Ellincourt, who, though he continued his giddy career through the mazes of fashion, never abated aught of his kindness towards his adopted child.

Mrs. Dawson had now completed the education of her pupil, and the recommendation of Lady Ellincourt obtained for that lady a similar situation in the family of a lady who resided a part of the year in Ireland.

Mrs. Dawson, it has before been observed, was of a disposition exactly calculated to make her way in the world. She well knew how to catch the whim of the moment, and to humour it with the most consummate skill.

She was always therefore a great favorite with her employers. Lady Ellincourt, who was one of the best women in the world, thought Mrs. Dawson the epitome of perfection, for to her observation she had appeared as pious as she was accomplished, and in the latter point there was no deception; Mrs. Dawson was certainly fully capable of the task she had undertaken, as far as elegant attainments extended, but poor Fanny would have imbibed but little of the true spirit of piety from her governess, had it not been for the genuine lessons bestowed upon her by her affectionate friend, Lady El-

Ellincourt ; and the firm foundation that had been laid by the amiable Emily Barlowe, during the infant years of the interesting orphan.

Mrs. Dawson had found the secret, however, of winning Fanny's affection, whose artless bosom, as incapable of suspicion as of deceit, judged every body by the pure model of her own heart. Every secret of her soul had been reposed in Mrs. Dawson's keeping, and she had not a thought she wished to conceal from the person she had so long considered in the light of a second self. To part with this tenderly beloved friend, was therefore a most painful trial for the affectionate girl, and Mrs. Dawson took care the impression should not be softened by any of the attentions Lady Ellincourt bestowed upon her favorite, by way of amusing her thoughts and diverting them from the object of her regret.

Fanny's grief, which had been continually increased by the artful suggestions of Mrs. Dawson, appeared beyond the controul of reason when the final separation took place, and to mitigate its violence Lady Ellincourt consented to an arrangement, which had not her entire approbation, namely. the establishing of a regular correspondence between the pupil and her *ci-devant* governess, when at a distance from each other.

This was exactly the object Mrs. Dawson had had in view all the time, and the attainment of her wishes, promised to gratify the two ruling passions of her mind, curiosity and selfish policy. She well knew that by Fanny's letters she should obtain the knowledge of every material occurrence in Lady Ellincourt's family, and, over and above the satisfaction of acquiring

that knowledge to her naturally curious mind, she might be able through her skill in manœuvring, to turn some of them to her own advantage. Things being thus arranged in her own mind, Mrs. Dawson took her leave, with every exterior appearance of the deepest regret, although her heart secretly rejoiced at the change, as her salary was considerably augmented by the event, and she went away laden with marks of Lady Ellincourt's munificence, besides all the valuable trinkets she had obtained from the simple Fanny, by "*loving*" them for the sake of the "*dear dear wearer.*"

## CHAPTER VII.

*The Separation.*

LORD ELLINCOURT'S attachment to Emily Barlowe, although it had never yielded to any new attraction, had not been sufficiently strong to induce his lordship to follow the amiable girl to Jamaica, as he had once talked of doing.

At length, however, an incident occurred that re-united them in the most unexpected manner possible..

Lady Ellincourt's health had been visibly declining for some time, and her physicians, after trying every remedy this country afforded, recommended the mild climate of Lisbon as

the *derniere resort*. Lady Ellincourt received the *fiat* with real regret, as she was an enthusiastic lover of Old England, but the united entreaties of her son and the affectionate Fanny, at length overcame her objection, and she promised to asquiesce with the doctor's injunctions, provided her dear Edmund would accompany her.

This was precisely what her dear Edmund had always intended to do, and he assured his mother that nothing would give him greater pain than to be denied the pleasure of administering to her comfort, and her safety during her exportation. And so said her tenderly-attached Fanny, when Lady Ellincourt asked her whether she would prefer being left at Miss Bridgeman's, or Lady Maria Ross's, during the forced absence of her maternal friend. "Surely my dear, dear mamma would not be so

cruel as to talk of leaving *me* in England, when ill-health obliges her to seek a distant home. In pity to my agonised feelings, do not pronounce so hard a sentence, upon a heart which acknowledges no mother but you—which forms no wish so ardent as that of being able to shew the gratitude and affection, that glows in it for you, my kind, my beloved benefactress.”

As Fanny pronounced these words she clasped her arms round Lady Ellincourt’s neck, and endeavoured, with one of her fascinating smiles, to shake the good lady’s resolution. But although deeply affected by the sweet girl’s earnestness in the cause she was pleading, and fully convinced of the sincerity of her attachment, Lady Ellincourt was not to be persuaded by all the rhetoric poor Fanny was mistress of.

“ I have well considered the sub-

ject we are upon, my sweet girl," replied her ladyship, "and I feel so thoroughly convinced of the impropriety of complying with your request, that I cannot suffer any persuasion to shake my resolution. You know me, my dear Fanny, and that selfish considerations have no weight with me. You will believe me therefore when I assure you that I practise great self-denial in withstanding your affectionate solicitations, for I can affirm, with truth, that there is nothing I leave behind I shall so truly regret as my tender, my affectionate little nurse, Fanny.

"But, my dear girl, life is uncertain even to the healthy; with invalids it seems still more precarious, and greatly would it embitter the pangs of death, could the painful reflection present itself to my mind, that my Fanny was exposed, by my imprudence, to the trying situation

of being left in a strange country, without a proper protector of her own sex to re-conduct her to her native country."

"But my dear mamma," interrupted Fanny, "will not Lord Ellincourt go with you, and whose protection *could* be better than his, should I, indeed, be deprived of my best friend."

"Edmund would prove a kind friend and a powerful protector to my girl, I am sure," answered Lady Ellincourt, "but so young a man is not a *proper* chaperon for her, and that must be studied, my sweet child. Maternal anxiety such as mine foresees and provides for every contingency. Be reconciled therefore, my Fanny, to a determination which cannot be repealed, and which has been made after mature consideration, and from the very best motives."

It was in vain that Lady Ellincourt preached patience and submission to Fanny, no argument could convince her that it was right to separate her from her beloved mamma, and she wept incessantly, at the *fiat* she could not alter. When urged by Lady Ellincourt to decide upon her choice of residence, during her absence, she would reply "It matters not where I go, all places will be alike to me when my dear mamma is taken from me."

At length, however, she was induced, by Lady Ellincourt's insisting upon an answer, to chuse Lady Maria Ross for her protectress, in preference to Miss Bridgeman. Col. Ross's intimacy with Lord Ellincourt, and Lady Maria's near relationship to the Ellincourt family, had conspired to render them the most frequent visitors Lady Ellincourt had, and as Fanny loved Lady Maria with

the truest affection, from the time she first became acquainted with that lady, at Miss Bridgeman's, it was natural she should prefer her protection to the formal jurisdiction of her *quondam* governess. Col. Ross had never been a favorite of Fanny's, although the uniform kindness and attention, with which he treated her, seemed to demand her gratitude.

Since his marriage, the Colonel had affected to consider Fanny in the light of a child ; a mode of behaviour which seemed to increase rather than diminish with her increasing years and stature.

Lady Ellincourt's allowance for her favorite's maintenance, was extremely liberal ; and both the Colonel and Lady Maria appeared pleased with the arrangement, when they learnt that Fanny was to become their guest. Not so the affectionate

girl; no projected plan of pleasure could rouse her from the sorrow into which Lady Ellincourt's determination of leaving her behind, had plunged her, and she was deaf to every thing Lady Maria could say, by way of consolatory advice upon the subject.

At length the dreaded moment arrived, and Fanny was torn, more dead than alive, from the arms of her dear Lady Ellincourt, whose heroism never forsook her, and conveyed in Lady Maria's coach to that lady's house. Lady Ellincourt had wisely insisted that the parting should take place the day before her departure, as she judged herself unequal to the task of bidding her darling farewell, when about to encounter the fatigues and bustle of a journey, which in her weak state appeared already but too formidable.

Lord Ellincourt, notwithstanding

the levity natural to him, possessed an excellent heart, and the tender attachment of the artless Fanny deeply afflicted it. When he pressed her in his arms, and kissed off the tears that rolled down her blooming cheeks, he thought it was impossible he should ever love any human being as he at that moment loved Fanny.

“ Dear girl,” said his lordship, “ how, how shall I bear to live apart from you. The sight of you is become necessary to my happiness, nay, almost to my existence, and I verily believe I shall soon find that I cannot do without you.”

Col. Ross was present when Lord Ellincourt thus expressed himself, and the heightened color of his cheek and the stern expression of his eye, too plainly told to the observing Lady Maria that her husband was not pleased. Of the cause from whence his displeasure sprung she

was ignorant, but she had already learned to watch the variations of his countenance, with the trembling anxiety of a dependant vassal.

Lord Ellincourt was too deeply absorbed in his own feelings to observe his friend, or he might have been tempted to join his solicitations to Fanny's, to persuade Lady Ellincourt to revoke her decree, and even at that late moment to suffer her disconsolate favorite to accompany her.

“ Oh that I were as dear to you as you say,” exclaimed the artless Fanny, “ Oh that it were true, indeed, that you could not exist without seeing me. Lady Ellincourt would not then refuse to take me with her, she would compassionate the feelings of her son, although she has no pity for mine.” Unconscious of the full force of what she had said, Fanny clasped her hands together, with an

expression of tender anguish, whilst tears poured in abundance from her eyes, which were raised, as in supplication, to watch the countenance of her dear mamma, still cherishing the hope that she might relent.

Such a thing was, however, farther than ever from Lady Ellincourt's thoughts, as a suspicion that moment crossed her imagination, that rendered her dreaded journey a most fortunate circumstance in her estimation. Fanny's beauty had been an object so familiar to her eye, that its progressive improvement had not awakened any fears on Lord Ellincourt's account until that moment, but her eyes appeared to be suddenly opened, and the energy with which he had just expressed himself, joined to Fanny's artless wish of the realization of his love for her, seemed to strike conviction on her mind. "They love each other," said she,

mentally, “ and my imprudence has undone them both, unless this fortunate separation should wean them from each other.”

Dear as Lady Ellincourt loved Fanny, and tenderly alive as she was to the happiness of her son, yet such was the effect of hereditary pride upon her mind, that the idea of uniting her son to a person of obscure birth, was worse, to her imagination, than even the prospect of his being miserable for life.

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*THE END OF VOL. I.*

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